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Contents

Fiction

JOY FOR THE WORLD—Eileen Kennedy	11
THE RABBIT HUTCH—Ellen L. Kelly	22
NARCISSUS—Marian McDonnell	36
GOODBYE, POP . . . —Eileen Warren	39
CHRISTMAS MAKE-BELIEVE—Marian McDonnell	42
OBSERVATEUR—Elinor Bowes	48

Non-Fiction

THE CATHOLIC INTELLECTUAL IN AMERICA—Helen Prescott	5
MODERN DRESS IN LITURGICAL ART—Catherine T. Arapoff	34
A STORY OF JAZZ—Eileen Warren	44

Poetry

ADVENTUS—Sister Mary Antanina, F.M.M.	4
THE TRUTHMAN—Ellen L. Kelly	16
THE CAT—Ellen L. Kelly	18
SUPERSTITION—Ellen L. Kelly	19
SILOE—Sister Mary Antanina, F.M.M.	20
NATIVITY—Sister Mary Antanina, F.M.M.	33
PRESENTIMENT—Mary Harrington	47

Editorial

EMMANUEL	50
----------	----

Current Books

THE THIRTEENTH APOSTLE—Elinor Bowes	52
WILLAMETTE INTERLUDE—Theodora Malhowski	54
JOHN PAUL JONES: A SAILOR'S BIOGRAPHY—Eileen Holland	56
THE MERMAID MADONNA—Mary Harrington	57

Adventus

*More stars than skies can hold—
And Christ's coming.*

*Coming, rainbowing down,
See what step strides Christ—
A giant in his course,
To make his orbit
The circle of girl's arms.*

*Not once and conclusively
This meteor flashed,
For his course to be preserved,
Pressed in bound volumes,
Out of date.*

*His coming is
Like coming of stars through a window,
Each night newly lit,
And less noticed.*

*His coming is over the mountains,
Living us into flames;
Living flames of us, dead,
This Christ, this meteor, strikes.*

Sister Mary Antanina, F.M.M., '61

The Catholic Intellectual in America

Helen Prescott, '61

Each Catholic college student has an acknowledged responsibility to develop his own mind. In this issue, the ETHOS is happy to print the first in a series of articles written on various aspects of a Catholic intellectual life.

Since 1955, when Monsignor John Tracy Ellis of the Catholic University initiated its discussion, possibly no area of American Catholic activity has received so much attention as has its intellectual quarter. Hardly a week has passed that some new addition has not been made to the reams of published material already available on the subject. In all this welter of words, however, the main issues seem to have been a little obscured. As a result, many Catholics are still relatively unaware of the exact condition of our national intellectual life as well as of the factors responsible for the emergence and reinforcement of its present status. Yet this knowledge is absolutely requisite if any improvement of the situation is to be effected.

From a glance at the contemporary scene, one might immediately conclude that the most predominant characteristic of Catholic intellectual life is its lack of vitality and distinction. In practically no field of speculative endeavor could more than two or three names of Catholic scholars be cited with the ease with which one names their non-Catholic confrères. Although this deficiency is almost self-evident, the impoverished condition of our intellectual life is no idle

speculation based on seeming appearances. Statistics have been determined from the findings of various educational polls and research investigations conducted over the past several years. This article does not purpose to dispute the testimony of these studies. Experts on the subject of Catholic intellectual activities have examined them and have affirmed their accuracy. One such authority, Monsignor Ellis, has stated in this regard:

If the Catholic scientists should have begun to think that an undue amount of stress has been placed on the dearth of distinguished names among their kind, they can be quickly reassured. The picture in the sacred sciences, the liberal arts and the humanities is no brighter on that score, for the studies I have examined reveal no higher proportion in these fields than they do in science.

This lack of distinction, viewed in an isolated fashion, however, is not the essential problem in regard to the condition of American Catholic intellectual life. Rather this deficiency seen in relation to two other facts constitutes its true nature. At the present time, Catholics in this nation outnumber those of any other country in the world with the exceptions of Brazil and Italy. Our material resources far surpass those of any of our co-religionists elsewhere on the globe. That in spite of our numerical strength and economic stability, we have failed notably to develop an intellectual distinction in proper proportion to such factors—this is the American Catholic intellectual problem.

Contemporary failure to produce this proportionate intellectual superiority results mainly from our want of an adequate American Catholic intellectual tradition. To understand our lack of such a tradition requires an acquaintance with the background of the Catholic in America.

Our early history in this country is the chronicle of a little tolerated minority group. The fact of colonial prejudice does not require elaboration. The various Protestant sects which settled this country could not tolerate one another—as witness Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson—let alone the despised “Papists.” While this animosity discouraged Catholic thought and thus delayed the development of an intellectual tradition, its psychological and sociological effects on the small band of Catholics were much more permanent and infinitely more damaging. This hostile atmosphere forced them to assume a defensive position. Their contributions to the cultural growth of the new nation were unwelcome because of their religious affiliation. As a result, they could do little else but regard their Faith as a battlement under assault. This protective attitude, while it was an inevitable effect of their unreceptive environment, only served to promote a sort of mental ghetto, further isolating them from the mainstream of American culture.

This defensive attitude has persisted and is a major obstacle to the development of a Catholic intellectual tradition today. While the reaction of our early forebears was provoked by a very real hostility, ours is not infrequently occasioned by little more than imagined antagonism. This is not to say that anti-Catholic prejudice has ceased to be, but that it exists to any great extent is to be doubted. Our hyper-consciousness of the former animosity to the Faith has fostered an extreme sensitivity in us. We tend, consequently, to resent any outside criticism and suspect the most sincerely motivated appraisals of derogatory or subversive intent. Because we fear and distrust such criticism, we attempt very little which will expose us to it. That this is the worst

possible action we can take has been well illustrated by Thomas O'Dea:

There is a kind of vicious circle involved. Our defensiveness inhibits the development of a vigorous intellectual tradition. Our lack of such a tradition keeps our contribution small and leaves us occupying fewer positions of importance in American life than our numbers warrant. This in turn makes us resentful and increases defensiveness, thereby reinforcing the original cause of our difficulties.

This defensiveness, so largely a product of our minority status, would not have endured if as our numbers increased an intellectual tradition had evolved. However, between 1820 and 1920, the period of our greatest numerical gains, such a development was not furthered but, in fact, considerably impeded. This was primarily because the majority of these Catholics occupied immigrant status. Due to poor living conditions prevalent in the ancestral lands from which they had migrated, few enjoyed either the benefits of education or financial security. Consequently, they were mainly preoccupied with the rudimentary problems of making a living wage and supporting their dependents. This left them little time to cultivate an intellectual life. As for the Church itself, it had neither the leisure nor the facilities to provide for both the basic religious needs of these vast numbers of immigrants and their intellectual requirements as well. Accordingly, the first in the order of importance took precedence, and the Church concerned itself with the business of ministering to their souls.

Once the assimilation of these immigrants into the national culture had been effected, nothing prevented the development of an intellectual tradition except that this process of absorption had been too successful. They had become quite thor-

oughly American, adopting all the national attitudes and values. This was a natural sequence and would have been totally harmless had all the national views and criteria been the most healthy. But such was not the case.

Anti-intellectualism has characterized the majority of Americans from colonial days to the present. It is manifest in their suspicion and distrust of their scholars, their fear of individual superiority and distinction, their almost compulsive desire to level everything and everyone down to the common mean. The widespread prevalence of these views could not fail to infiltrate the ranks of the Catholic immigrants. Needless to say, it did not exactly stimulate any great desire for intellectual activity let alone intellectual prowess. Perhaps this common American attitude results from some mistaken conception of democracy, but whatever its origin, its existence posed, and does today, an insuperable obstacle in the path of a strong American intellectual tradition, Catholic or otherwise. (Although this article is primarily concerned with the American Catholic intellectual problem, I wonder if the total American community could produce a favorable comparison between the numbers of its members and the numbers of its intellectuals.)

A second trait, which Americans have exhibited consistently throughout their history, and one which strongly influenced the immigrant population, is a consuming preoccupation with material progress. The abundant natural resources of the country are sufficient to account for the predominance of this interest. While failure to tap this natural wealth is criminal waste, its exploitation did and does place innumerable limitations on the intellectual sphere. The activity which such exploitation demands dissipates time and energy in one direction. As a result there is neither the leisure

nor the interest required for intellectual pursuits. No matter what the ideal picture, a busy engineer in concrete circumstances does not, I think, have much spare time or energy to devote to the purely speculative considerations of life.

This activism also tends to sacrifice pure knowledge in favor of that which is practical or useful. Newman's ideal, the true intellectual ideal, knowledge for its own sake, assumes an inferior role. One has only to compare the salary of a college professor at the doctoral level with that of a corporation executive to see the manifestations of this criterion.

The stress on practical knowledge results in vocationalism. Students who might successfully employ their talents to produce the scholarship which makes for a strong intellectual life are sidetracked by family and school emphasis on an education that fits one for a job. This specialized education, while extremely useful, is considerably limited. The broad outlook, the ability to see all of life as a whole, is requisite for true intellectual activity.

The historical factors which inhibited the development of an American intellectual tradition in the past—our minority and immigrant status—are no longer valid deterrents to such a tradition. As I have pointed out previously, our numerical and economic strength has improved greatly. The task which lies before us can only be accomplished by purging ourselves of the attitudes which our background has produced in us. These are the obstructive elements to the development of an American Catholic intellectual tradition in our day. Who is to assume the burden of responsibility for the success of this task? Most logically this would seem to be the Catholic students of the nation.

Joy for the World

Eileen Kennedy, '60

KITTY had been standing in the middle of the dark parlor for some time. She could hear the traffic play from the street below beating an irregular rhythm to the carolers' singing. The dogs' yelping, too, the bells and footsteps all seemed to be joining and blending into the sound of the street. Slowly, she made her way to the window. Cars were zigzagging along behind grinning headlights. She saw the little boys, scrambling on crusted snowbanks, stop a minute to listen to the carolers, then dash back, so excited, to their games. Across the way, over the buildings, she could see a neon sign flashing *Joy to the World*. She stood watching the lights through the drizzling pane, blinking on-red, off-green, over and over. The neon sign was a lie. A stiff curtain and windowpane were cutting her off, setting her apart from the world—on Christmas Eve. The old woman hugged her shawl closer around her shoulders. It seemed cold in the Nursing Home, as if everything warm were suddenly outside.

Kitty turned again to the dark. It was almost time for supper. The others were already taking their naps. In the hall, she caught herself in the mirror—the skin tight across her face, her hair gray and faded. But not tired, she thought. Just sick to death of the quiet, the awful quiet of the Home. Deliberately, almost without realizing it, Kitty opened the hall closet and took out her black coat. They hadn't let her put it on for so long. They said December was too chilly for an old woman. She fingered the wool. I wonder

if I dare There's nobody here now Why should I go back to bed and eat codfish on Christmas?

Nervously, she drew off her shawl. The idea scared her. She folded it so carefully—Tom's last present. How long ago was it? So long she couldn't remember his face anymore—it was hard remembering. The old woman braced herself on tiptoe and took down a hatbox from the top. Quickly, she wrapped the shawl between the tissues and put it back at the bottom of the closet. She tugged on the coat. Its squirrel collar hugged her neck as she buttoned it down. I'll have to be quick. . . . She unlocked the door and stepped out into the air.

A cold wind blew against her legs and around her coat. Pulling on her hat, she started down the stairs. Nothing mattered tonight. She felt weightless. Her steps sounded hollow against the bricks. A damp mist blew up from the sidewalk, wisped about in little patches, and gave the world a quilted look. Kitty was walking toward the red and blue and green lights. Christmas bells were playing far away. She kept rhythm to their ring. She watched the neon signs flashing and saw them a second time in the watery streets. *Silver Bells*—that was what they were playing. Silver bells ringing everywhere.

Christmas Eve . . . such a happy night . . . with Tom. He'd lift my arm like so . . . "Would you mind if I came along?"

(Would I mind? The Silly.) "You know I don't mind. Where shall we go?"

"We're going to find Christmas, Kitty."

Just to walk and see the beautiful shop windows with all the presents. Lights glinted from cut glass vases, diamond lights.

"Let's not shop now, Kitty. I'll buy you the vase tomorrow."

Tomorrow. Tomorrow is the turkey and the children and the tree with all the shiny bulbs. Now just walking down the avenues, around corners, and up streets, Kitty felt a happiness all through her until she didn't know the lights from the music anymore. He was so grand looking. Dark hair and blue eyes. Anyone would be proud. Tall, too—she felt so little beside him.

"Tom?" She wanted him to look down at her. "Do you think I can always be this happy?"

"Of course you can, Kitty. You can have your own special happiness inside you, all the time."

They crossed the street, dodging the puddles. A small tavern in front of them was all lighted up. Steam pressed against the windows, dripping little lines of water. Kitty could hear singing, muffled, far inside. "Oh, that's what I want tonight!" She darted ahead and pulled open the big door.

A sudden burst of heat flew against her face. People were knocking glasses and yelling and singing nothing she knew. Kitty shuddered. This wasn't right. The noise deafened her. It wasn't right. Not what she wanted at all. She turned to Tom. "I . . . Tom . . . Tom" Her voice trailed off. She remembered. There wasn't any Tom.

Slowly, the old woman closed the tavern door behind her. How could anyone have been so foolish . . . so crazy. It was hard remembering. She couldn't think how she'd come. She must have looked funny talking to voices, to the air, to nobody, and grinning like a duck all the time. It was shameful.

The streets hadn't changed at all. They were just as bright. It was all a farce. The only ones who wanted the lights were happy people—the ones who didn't need them. For a minute, she hated all the glitter, all the people, the people who were crowding about now. Kitty backed into the doorway. She tried to think what to do. The tavern door flew open behind her and the noise all over again frightened her. "Stop it!" she yelled before she knew it. She was screaming at a young man coming out. "Oh . . ." she felt foolish, "I don't know what came over me!"

The man, standing there, had on work pants and gabardine jacket zipped from the waist. He stood, hands in pocket, hair flying, looking very cold. Kitty realized for the first time that she was freezing. "You waiting for someone, are you?"

"No. "I-I'm just not sure of the way. I was with . . . someone." Kitty hated herself, telling him the name of the Home. What would he think?

"Oh, yeah." He nodded his head across the way. "I know where it is. C'mon. I'll walk you. It isn't so far." He went off whistling and Kitty ran a few steps to catch up. He smiled down at her. "I'm going too fast, eh? My wife always says that. I take giant steps. She's little, like you. Like a sparrow, I tell her."

They walked a while more. Kitty kept watching him. He was young like they were. Happy, and so lucky. "You're going home now, I suppose. That must be . . ."

"No, I'm not going home." The answer startled her. After a while he added, "Oh, it isn't I don't like my wife. Sounds funny, I guess, but things've been a little tough. I don't have a present, even a wreath. Doesn't make much sense going home."

"But you can't leave her alone on Christmas!" Suddenly, Kitty could see the girl, all alone somewhere, looking at other people's Christmases. He couldn't just stay away.

"It's better that way," he answered.

They were in front of the Home now. Kitty thanked him. "I'd never have found the way."

"Don't mention it! I was coming this way anyhow."

The old woman saw him starting off. "Oh, wait!" He turned back. "Wait a minute!" She ran up the stairs, opened the door. She'd have to be quiet. It wouldn't do to have them find her now. "Don't go yet!" she whispered again. Please don't let them find me.

The shawl. Where had she put the shawl? Not on the top. Here, at the bottom. She took it out of the box, wrapped in tissue, and stuffed it in a bag. If they heard her, they'd be out in a minute.

The old woman was on the steps again. "Here, give this to your wife." She handed down the bag. "Tell her *Merry Christmas*. Go on now—and tell her."

The man took the bag woodenly, almost embarrassed. "You mean it?" He slid it under one arm, without ever taking his hand out of his pocket. "I'll tell her and . . . thanks!"

Kitty stood watching him whistle off down the street. She'd probably have a cold tomorrow, and a scolding. But they'd have a good Christmas, the young ones. Her world seemed glittering again. The mist was still hanging close. Buildings across the way were huddled together. She could see the neon sign again—*Joy to the World*. The sign was a lie and Tom had been right. Joy wasn't in the world. It was only inside her—a beautiful joy for all the world.

The Truthman

*He came along,
A ragged man,
And sat upon
A cadaver tree.
He sat a long while
In the wood
Beside the greenblue
Summer pool . . .
A leafblue, skygreen
Swaying pond.*

*He did not know
Of mind big things . . .
Cityborn splashes
Of facile canvas color
Being nothing but*

*A nowhere piece
Of falling
Down
Into
A Hole.*

And wordplay poets

*And Pandar men of Janus peace
Sitting round their
Big, black wooden tables
Playing tic tac
On a flesh pad .
With blood ink.*

*He knew one thing
About the time.
That he and just the good wood
The good, brown wood
Were all that time
Saw fit to give.
That's all he took
And left
To live.*

Ellen L. Kelly, '60



M.S.

The Cat

*Sitsquat, Cat! Glisten
On the sunpatch.
Listen to the nighttime purr
of a bush-sound house.
Lick along your paws, Cat!
Dart nowhere allover
Everywhere
Bounce on sunbubbles,
Pawpat dustdens,
Birdpester, fishtease,
Be queen. . . .
If you please.*

*Until
You hear
People-feet
On the stair.*

*Then sit, Cat!
Like a plaster sister of the cat that
Owned the house
A million aeons of a sunslicked second
Before.*

Ellen L. Kelly, '60

Superstition

*A solid,
startling,
truth . . .*

*But first
Kiss a Katydid,
Throw salt
over your
shoulder;*

*Then,
Dance around
three times.*

*Cross across a Blackie Cat?
Cross across your path?
Oho!*

*Toss away your hazel root
And cover your head.
You're dead.*

*A cat,
Oho!
A Blackie Cat!*

*No good
It's dogma
veracious finalitude . . .*

*You're dead,
Oho!
You're dead.*

Ellen L. Kelly, '60

Siloe

AND I WENT

*in my humdrum darkness; noise
hot-strong, jostling tap-tap stick-walk;
drying-fast-mud dabbled One called prophet
—I called for light, not mud—
and now dogs and dust licking my ankles
and I—out of safe blind man's nook
for what? Water (what water),
must find this,
wash this mud.
—His voice,
His hand
burn.*

I WASHED

*in water, cold, swish-lapping my hand,
tinkling quick, quick away from hand's grasp back,
little jingles, drumming the tambourine,
drips into Siloe falling, died again
in pool of silence. More,*

*I, restless, pull up handfuls of cool things:
water—what is it?—yes,
water for mud,
for my eyes,
for some light—
what is light?*

AND I SEE

*light, O light,
see, up, see into brimming brightness!
Down into Siloe: bright dance!
There, away—light, color,
there it is! New birth
burns, flames—impossibly swift,
dear, precious life
on dead man's eyelids!
God, does it take so much
—into so much, out of nothing—
to believe?*

Sister Mary Antanina, F.M.M., '61

The Rabbit Hutch

Ellen L. Kelly, '60

IT WAS a hot, hot August day, one of the last of the summer. Outside the dentist's office, people mopped their foreheads and plodded along to the rhythm of the darning-needle bug . . . ZZZ . . . zzz . . . zzz.

Inside the dentist's office, it was two o'clock and cool because Dr. Bailey had a big electric fan in the window. Augustus R. Sullivan, better known as Gus, sat in a big rattan chair swinging his feet hard against the rungs. Gus's shirt clung to his back even though it was cool in the office. This was because Gus had a big lump for a left cheek, like a squirrel in November, and he could hear the sound of the drill going behind the big, white door . . . ZZZ . . . zzz . . . zzz.

"Augustus!"

His mother was sitting on the other side of the guppie bowl next to him. He leaned over and stared at her through the pop-eyed fish. She looked all blown up and puffy from his side.

"What?" he said as best as he could through the wad of cotton his mother had shoved in his mouth before they left.

"Look at me, right, dear. I want to tell you something."

Gus peeked around the corner of the bowl and thought it was more fun seeing her from the other side.

"How do you feel, dear?" She had said that at least fifteen times in the last ten minutes, Gus thought.

"Okay."

They both knew that this was a big fib because Gus had

been up the whole night before with his tooth and he felt terrible.

"Never mind, dear. It will be all over in a minute."

Gus nodded. His mother patted his hand and the drill droned in the background . . . ZZZ . . . zzz . . . zzz. Suddenly it stopped. Doctor Bailey thrust his head through the door and winked at Gus. "Be with you in a minute, old man. Hold tight!"

Gus nodded and chewed the pain in his tooth against the cotton wadding. He swung his feet faster and faster to the rhythm of the drill and wondered what he could do to fill up time. His mother was reading a *Life* magazine with a picture of an iceberg on the cover. Gus looked at it for a long time and pretended it was on his tooth. He got tired of this after a minute or so and leafed through the comic books on the table beside the guppie bowl. He had every one of them at home.

Just then the big door swung open and a tall boy came out of the drill room. Gus decided he must have been the victim because he looked drilled on. He came over and sat in the chair next to Gus. Gus looked at him with interest for a minute and he didn't even think of his tooth.

Dr. Bailey announced loudly from somewhere behind the door that he would take a Mrs. Gill first and the little old lady across from Gus got up and went in the office. Doctor Bailey poked his head out the door on her way in and said the same thing that he had said before, "Hold tight, old man!"

Gus didn't even pay attention to him this time because he was sure that he was going to keep saying that while he took seven hundred people ahead of Gus. Besides, Gus was

too busy looking out of the side of his eye at the boy who sat next to him.

The boy was tall and thin. Gus thought he looked sort of sad. His long hands, folded in his lap, looked very white after the summer. Gus looked down at his own hands folded in his lap. They looked very brown and fat to him.

Gus watched the boy for a long time and wondered if he should talk to him. He wanted to very badly.

I'll see if he takes a funny book to read . . . or maybe even talks to someone else, Gus thought. But the boy didn't. He just sat for a long time with his eyes down and his hands folded in his lap. Gus cleared his throat and swung his feet hard. He moved the piece of cotton to the back of his mouth. "Hello!" he said in a loud enough voice.

The boy looked at him, his brown eyes round with question. "Hello . . . ," he said, uncertainly.

"I'm waiting for the dentist to see me," Gus said matter of factly.

"Oh!" said the boy. "I've just been in."

"Yeah, I know. I saw you come out. How come you're not going if you're finished?"

"I'm waiting for my mother." The boy looked at his hands when he said this. He had them so tight that his knuckles showed white.

"I've got mine with me. She's over there." Gus jerked his head in the direction of the guppies.

"She's pretty." The boy looked sort of sad when he said this.

Gus turned quickly to look at his mother all over again. "Yeah," he said. "She is pretty . . . isn't she?"

Gus couldn't think of anything more to say. He chewed his cotton again because his tooth began to hurt.

"Say, you've got yourself quite a pain there, haven't you?" The boy stared at him as if he really knew how it felt. Gus nodded slowly. Then he said importantly, "Had them all up until three in the morning, it was so bad."

"Really?"

"Yup. And you should have heard the screaming and hollering. My mother called up Dr. Bailey at two-thirty in the morning!"

"Gee!"

Gus leaned over the boy so that his mother wouldn't hear the next thing that he was going to say. "That's why he's making me sit here. He's going to make me suffer like they do on television."

The boy's face clouded and he looked at his hands.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Don't you have a television?" Gus thought he was being funny because he knew just about everyone in the world had a television, except maybe Africans.

"No . . . no, we . . . we don't."

Gus's chin dropped. He couldn't believe his ears. He didn't know what to say for a while. He liked the boy so he decided to ask him his name.

"Luke . . . Luke Potter," the boy said.

"I'm Gus. My mother calls me Augustus."

"Hello, Gus." Luke put out his hand just like a man. "I'm very glad to meet you."

Gus looked as serious as he could and shook hands with Luke. "How old are you, Luke?"

"Eleven."

"I'm nine. That makes you older than me. I knew you were anyway. You're taller and you look older."

"Augustus Sullivan, you shouldn't be talking so much with that tooth. Do you hear me?"

Gus looked at his mother and winked. He always winked when he had something good to tell her. He wanted to tell her now about Luke. "Mom, this is Luke."

Luke stood up and shook hands with her just as he had with Gus. Gus could tell she liked him because she looked impressed.

"He's my new friend," Gus added.

"That's nice," Gus's mother murmured. "I'm glad." She smiled at both of them as Luke went back to his seat.

"Did you really mean that? Did you really mean that about me being your friend, Gus?"

Gus nodded.

"Gosh," Luke said. "Gosh."

They sat for a long time, still waiting for the drill to stop. Gus didn't mind the wait so much this time because he had Luke. He looked at Luke once in a while. When he saw Luke looking back, he smiled. "Luke . . . Luke, what did you do all summer?"

"Didn't do much of anything."

"Didn't you go swimming or anything?"

"No . . . my mother . . . she doesn't like me to."

"Oh."

"Well you see . . . she's sort of, well she . . . she's sort of sick. And well, she"

"I know, Luke. My mother was sick for three whole days last winter and, boy, was she crabby."

Luke sank back into his chair and bent his head like an old man. "Yeah, that's sort of like it . . . only not all the way."

"Luke, didn't you do anything at all this summer, any little thing?"

Luke's eyes brightened and he sat on the edge of his chair. "I've got these two bunnies. I've only had them a week. I found them hiding in the newspapers on our back porch. They're little brown things and they're good."

"Say, Luke, that's keen. What do you mean you didn't do anything this summer?"

"Only . . . only. . . ." Luke's face grew red, "I can't keep them. I've gotta get rid of them. My mother says they're messy."

"Gee, Luke, that's too bad."

"Gus, Gus do you think . . ." Luke's face grew pleading and anxious. He leaned forward in his chair. "Do you think you could take them? Please!"

"Real bunnies?" Gus looked wide-eyed. He plotted, "Only I wouldn't keep them for my very own because they're yours. I'd only mind them and you could come over to visit lots. Oh Mom, could I?"

"Could you what?"

"Could I take the bunnies that Luke's mother says he can't keep for my own. Only not keep them, mind them for him and he could visit"

"Now just a minute, son, you hardly know Luke. We can't expect to"

"Oh, please, Mrs. Sullivan!" Luke stood up and his long arms hung stiffly by his sides. He clenched and unclenched his fists nervously. "I gotta give them to someone good, I gotta. If I don't, my mother, she's gonna . . . she's gonna kill them."

"Oh, now, Luke, you mustn't say that."

"But she is, she said she would." His eyes narrowed, "You don't know my mother."

Gus had never seen his mother look at anyone the way she looked at Luke. Somewhere behind the three of them the drill stopped.

"Okay, Gus boy. It's your turn." Dr. Bailey opened the door wide and let the little old lady out of his office.

Luke grabbed Gus's arm. "Please, you gotta do it for me. I live at 320 Shore Road, on the Point. Please!"

"I'll come tomorrow. Won't I, Mom . . . ?"

"We'll see . . . I don't know . . . but we'll see."

"Good-bye, Gus." Luke stood in the middle of the office and looked awfully sad to Gus.

"Won't you be here when I come out?"

"No . . . she'll be here soon . . . and well, she'll be going . . . right away."

"Good-bye, Luke. I'll see you tomorrow."

When Dr. Bailey got Gus in the chair, he looked into his jaw and shook his head from side to side. "Doesn't look too good, old man."

Gus swallowed hard as best he could with his mouth wide open and looked at his mother, but she was staring out the window over Gus's head. Dr. Bailey was sharpening his tools, Gus guessed.

"Dr. Bailey?"

"Mmmm-mmm?" Dr. Bailey was coming at Gus with some sleepy stuff.

"Do you know anything about that Potter boy . . . I mean, what's wrong there, Doctor? Do you know . . . ?" Gus knew that she was using double-talk over his head and he tried to listen, even though Doctor Bailey was coming at him with all those awful things.

"Easy does it, Gus boy Don't know too much. He hasn't been here often. There you go, son It'll be all over in a minute." Doctor Bailey looked far away to Gus, on another planet. He floated somewhere over his head, far away. Gus could still hear them talking from someplace.

"Mother's sort of odd . . . husband died when the boy was young . . . won't let him out . . . darn nice kid . . . it's a shame."

Luke floated all around Gus with his rabbits and Luke's mother chased Luke and the rabbits with a big gun.

It was a good Saturday. The sun beamed overhead and Gus pressed his face against the window of the car. His tongue probed the empty socket where his tooth had been.

"Imagine being sick three whole days with a little old tooth," he mumbled.

"What's that, Augustus?" His mother stared at him as they pulled up at a red light near the corner of his street.

"Nothing." He wriggled in his seat impatiently, staring at the light and wishing hard for it to turn green.

"Don't worry, Gus; we'll be there soon."

Gus grinned. His mother always knew what to say to make him feel good. She'd known what to say to make Luke feel good, too.

Gus looked at all the trees and fields they were passing. I wonder what they'll look like in the snow, he thought, when we come out to get Luke for the hundredth time. The rabbits will be so big then—"I hope Luke likes vegetable soup, Mom."

"Why do you say that, Gus?"

"That's what we have on Saturday. If he's going to be coming out to our house"

"Don't plan so far ahead, Augustus. Let's just see what happens today."

"But how much longer, Mom?"

"Just around this bend, I think. Yes, right near the old Howell place." She looked ahead out of the window and frowned. "I didn't think anyone lived out here anymore, but then, Doctor Bailey said"

"Doctor Bailey said what, Mom?"

"Here we are." They stopped in front of a big, peeling house in the middle of a clump of trees away from the sun. Gus's smile faded when he looked at it. He knew why Luke had looked so sad that day. He swallowed, "Well, someone does live here, Mom."

Gus's mother stared at the house. "Yes . . . I suppose someone does"

"Luke does, Mom. Luke does. C'mon, please!"

His mother looked at him oddly and, without a word, got out of the car. As they walked up the path together, she took his hand. Gus was glad. He was a little bit afraid. They came up on a front porch littered with papers and debris. "Are you going to ring the bell, Gus?"

"Okay, Mom." Gus walked up to the big front door and pressed the old-fashioned button in the middle. At first, no one answered and Gus looked at his mother uncertainly. Then the door opened. It was Luke. "Hi!" Gus screamed and jumped a little step towards Luke. Luke smiled and grabbed Gus's arm. "Gosh, I didn't think you'd come."

"I said I would, didn't I, Mom?"

"Yes, you did, son. Hello, Luke."

"Hello, Mrs. Sullivan."

Luke glanced back over his shoulder at the dark hall. "Look, I'm sorry, Gus, but" He looked again at Gus's

mother, "You'd better go because . . . my mother"

"Who's that out there, Luke." A woman's voice sounded from the inside. "Did you hear me, who is that?"

"Please, Gus"

Gus looked desperately at Luke and then at his mother. "But Luke, how" He waved his hands emptily. "What about the rabbits?"

"They're dead."

Gus stared at him. Suddenly, a messy woman, someone who couldn't be anyone's mother, came up behind Luke and grabbed him by the collar. Luke broke away and ran inside. She leaned against the door jamb, smiling wildly at Gus's mother. "You must be for the rabbits." She brushed a wisp of hair out of her face. "They're gone, the dirty things," she called over her shoulder down the dark hall. "Aren't they, Luke?"

Gus could see Luke crouched on a stair far inside. Luke got up and ran somewhere, sobbing, he didn't know where, away from him.

"Sorry!" The woman shut the big door quietly. All Gus could hear was the sound of Luke crying, somewhere down the corridor.

"Mom?" Frightened, Gus looked at his mother. "What can we do?"

His mother was still staring at the door. "We can go."

"But, Mom"

"Come, Augustus!" She took his hand and walked down the path. Gus glanced back at the house as they left the gate.

"Maybe . . . maybe I'll see him again . . . maybe the next time I go to the dentist." He looked up at his mother.

"Yes, Gus." His mother looked back at the house, too. "Maybe you will, but come, . . . now."



Nativity

*All the stars shook,
And ages quivered
On thin silver threads.*

*Full—full was night
Of this blue rustle,
Star against star brushing,
Like silver moth-wings.*

*Then came angels
And swept the skies
With wide wings
And set them ringing—
Each star and
Each silver string.*

*O how with singing
Filled the blue billows
Of a deep sky!
And two small hands
Held all the music,
All the light,
And pressed it
To a small white cheek.*

Sister Mary Antanina, F.M.M., '61

Modern Dress in Liturgical Art

Catherine T. Arapoff, '62

As a part of a symposium on Modern Dress in Sacred Representations, liturgical artists were asked to comment on the portrayal of Christ and the Saints in contemporary dress. Since artists of the Middle Ages presented Christ in the dress of that time, some moderns have thought that contemporary artists should follow the same precedent. The following article is, substantially, Miss Arapoff's answer to the question which was printed in the Pentecost number of the 1957 Catholic Art Quarterly.

Should Our Divine Savior Jesus Christ, the Blessed Lady, and the Saints be portrayed in modern dress? The three factors of truth, tradition, and taste say no. Would a painting of Christ in modern dress inspire more devotion? No, for the distracting innovation of modern dress would place too much attention on the physical. A painting of Christ should remind us of His Divinity.

I think the idea of Christ in modern dress is irreverent chiefly because Christ is not walking physically among us now. Some artists seem to think that in presenting Christ in modern dress they are bringing Him closer to us. That is not true. The priceless treasure of the Divinity of Jesus Christ is perpetuated in His Holy Catholic Church. Christ is present with us today in daily Mass.

A respect for tradition is necessary because the religious artist is not concerned with interesting the public by originality. This attitude in no way limits the artist. Think of the painters of the Russian icon. They had definite rules on composition and style (the reason being to stress the spiritual), yet within these boundaries they were able, through the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, to create icons, each different and distinctive. It is more than possible, with the technical skill and freedom of the modern artist, to portray Christ with reverence, beauty, and simplicity.

The third factor, taste, is an aesthetic consideration. The painters of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance depicted Christ beautifully. Though they showed Christ in the dress of their times, the flowing robes of that period were not different from the simple, modest garments worn during the time of Christ's life on earth. Yet a good part of the world's population still wears flowing robes. And even a nun's habit is not unlike the dress of Our Lady. There seems no necessity, from an aesthetic point of view, for depicting Christ in modern dress.

When an artist portrays Christ, I think that he should believe that we serve the Faith through art which gives glory to God. The artist must remember that Truth, Goodness, and Beauty are essential to his art.

Narcissus

Marian McDonnell, '61

I intrigue me. Naturally, I cannot speak for my acquaintances, but if I were in a position to cultivate my friendship—I'd cultivate it. But then again, to be perfectly humble about this whole thing, it may well be that it isn't so much I who intrigues me, but rather the amazing volatility of the spirit of the inner man. Prevailing circumstances happen to be such that I am the only inner man with whom I am familiar.

To illustrate the case in point—I have noted that it is common for me to slounce* along from mood to mood without the slightest conscious provocation. Obviously, this phenomenon can prove rather unsettling, particularly when my frame of mind seems uncongenial to the general atmosphere. I do not, please understand, encourage this albatross. Neither do I discourage it. To be perfectly truthful, I'd like to rid myself of the accursed nuisance, but I suspect that with it would go any shred of mystery which may serve to attract the expanding cult of personality probers.

A personality prober, for those of you who have recently emerged from your bush-country Pantisocracy, is an extremely Socratic and empathetic party, who has as his ultimate end the ferreting out of "fascinating people." Of course it goes without saying that in order to be a "fascinating person," it is quite helpful to be in a state of complete mental disorder. The natural result of this progressive trend is that there are very few people who are willing to admit that they consistently received top rating in emotional stability on the reverse side of their high school report cards.

* slounce — contraction of slump and bounce.

It would appear that the only glimmer of hope for these unfortunate few, lies in giving the impression that they are sincerely making an effort to bring forth chaos from order. As I have mentioned, I find that the most effective means of creating such an impression is to tolerate, if not cultivate, certain dispositional fluctuations.

Quite some time ago, I noticed that these characteristic fluctuations have also resulted in a distressingly unstable Muse. Within the past three hours, for example, my mood has shifted three times, resulting in diverse types of literature.† This piece, of course, is the result of benign joviality. Immediately preceding this, however, was a sort of Japanese Rainbow Maiden thing, product of escapist regression and a Utopian fixation. My earliest attempt was explosive; a starkly emotional revelation of my secret soul. It had everything—frustration, pathos, drama. I wrote it in the back of a church. Final results? I am giving to posterity this relatively harmless pace-changer. I drew a sketch of the Rainbow Maiden and gave it to my sister to color. I annihilated the emotional study, in anticipation of the posthumous publication of my personal papers.

Where does all of this leave us? Well, as I have mentioned elsewhere, I intrigue me. The rapidity and ease of my temperamental variations fill me with reverential awe. If left to my own devices, I believe that I might have consigned myself to the ranks of the perpetually sanguine. It might have been. But enough of sad words; there is a brighter side. Without my dispositions, I wouldn't intrigue me, and without me, my dispositions would have nowhere to go. The day's at the morn, and ours is a beautiful symbiotic relationship.

† literature — writing in which the aesthetic sense is dominant.



Goodbye, Pop . . .

Eileen Warren, '60

OLD MIKE stood on the curb outside the bar and tried to focus his eyes to see the cars moving on the street. But his eyes kept watering and the early spring wind blew cold mist into his face.

"Maybe I shouldn't have had that last whiskey," he thought to himself, stepping carefully off the curb. "The boys will think I'm drunk again." Mike always worried about what his boys would think but he would never admit to himself that somewhere inside he already knew what they thought.

The old man made his way slowly down to where his street, dim and deserted, cut sharply into the tenement-block. Baker Place was more like an alley, barely wide enough for a car to pass through. Mike drew his hands out of his overall pockets to keep his balance better and listened to his own uneven footsteps in the gravel—the only sound he was aware of against the background of humming cars. He stopped instinctively at the fourth set of stairs that lined the street and climbed them heavily, gripping the bannister.

"I wonder if it's much past suppertime," he muttered to himself, easing into the warm, musty hall. "I hope Jimmy didn't mind me not making supper as usual . . . he's a good boy . . . probably took care of himself."

Old Mike spotted the light under the door when he reached the third landing. "Ah, that's good. Jimmy's home. He's a good boy. I'll have him make me a cup of tea." He pushed open the door and squinted into the yellow light. "Jimmy! Jimmy, where are you?"

Jimmy came over to the open bedroom doorway, his

clumsy, muscular frame shadowing across the living room. His glance swept past his father, encompassing the room, the night, and the darkness outside. Then, without a word, he walked back into the bedroom and began plowing noisily through bureau drawers.

"What's the matter with you?" Mike hollered, trying to sound angry. "I suppose you're mad I didn't fix supper for you. Well, there was nobody here when I got home, so I thought I'd waste away a bit of time over at the Lindy."

"It's quarter past ten, Pop! I ate out. Listen: I've told you before, you don't need to go puttering around the kitchen, doing cooking. Not for me. Maybe Michael needs that sort of thing. But not me!"

Old Mike ran his fingers through his white, sweat-tangled hair. "That's gratitude for you!" he cried, steadying himself against the arm of the sofa. "Listen, boy, ever since your mother died, I've cooked and kept house for you and your brother. Twenty years!"

Jimmy was at the doorway again, his hands on his hips. "I wish you'd stop calling me *boy*, Pop. Twenty-nine isn't exactly a boy. And don't give me that line about taking care of me all these years. It's been my money that's kept this house running. And I'm sick of your lousy cooking and this dirty, scrubby house. It hasn't been clean since Jean stopped coming up, and that's been almost two months."

The old man's head whirled dizzily when he tried to straighten up, "Oh, yes! Your Jean. She was too good for us. Always pestering you with big ideas about leaving."

Jimmy threw down the shirts he had in his hands, glaring at Mike. "Too good? Hell! She came up here every week and cleaned this rotten house until she couldn't stand the smell anymore." He turned away quickly and stared at his reflection in the unshaded window. The hopelessness of it

all seemed to smother him. "Oh, never mind," he muttered after a minute. "Look, Pop, do you know where that suitcase is that I bought a while back? I thought I left it under the bed but I can't find it."

Old Mike turned back to the living room. "I don't know, Jimmy. I think your brother Michael sold that a month ago." The old man stretched himself over the length of the sofa. "What do you want a suitcase for?"

"I can't hear you, Pop."

"The suitcase. What's it for?"

"Pop, I told you last week I was leaving. I can't help it if you're too foolish to believe me. Jean found me a new place."

"Oh, that's a good boy, Jimmy. I'm glad you're getting married at last."

"I'm not getting married, Pop. I'm just leaving."

The words spun crazily in Mike's head. He means it this time, he thought. Jimmy means it. "You ungrateful wretch!" he screamed. "Leaving after all these years, and for no reason."

"Pop, you know I have to. Not because of you. But for me. I'm sorry."

Suddenly, Mike felt weary, but not with the weariness that comes of a day, but the kind that seeps into a man's bones over long years. And then, he didn't care anymore. "I'm going over to the Lindy," he called back, opening the front door. "If you've got a mind to say good-bye to me, that's where I'll be."

Mike eased down the stairs and pushed open the door into the street. It was still drizzling and the rain felt fresh on his face. The lights from the Lindy across the way danced at him through the mist, and they suddenly looked bright and good and happy.

Christmas Make-Believe

Marian McDonnell, '61

I plod through the slush and pass a low billboard on which Santa Claus guzzles somebody's yellow beer without dribbling any on his beard. There is a Christmas-card house ahead, to the left; a warm place with a big, gay wreath on the door, and a gilt lawn-sign which says *Funeral Home*.

I guess a fourteen-year-old tomboy like Mary wouldn't think much about death. She had been tiny, and although her legs had been lost in her first pair of nylons (which she pretended to despise), she could lick any boy in the neighborhood. But it was almost as if she had a hole in her heart, because something good spilled out wherever she went.

Some of the eighth-graders are huddled together in the driveway. They've already been inside. They've gaped at a Mary with clean fingernails and they've been hurt because Mary's sister, Frannie, didn't throw her arms around her classmates and beg for the solace only they could give. Right now they're trying to outcry one another—I suppose that gives them prestige.

I have to wait on the porch for a while, because nobody wants to leave and make room. It's a good-sized porch, and I see a couple of girls from my high school class. One of them knew Mary, the other one just came along for the walk. The one who didn't know her has a Kleenex ready in her hand.

A cigar-puffing stranger pushes me through the crowded doorway, and suddenly I can't breathe. A fat lady with a tinsel corsage is frustated because she can't get a glimpse of a little girl who's dead. She can't even see the family and derive a macabre thrill from the fact that they're not taking it well at all. By rights, this wake should be good for at least

a week of re-hashing, but someone starts to pray, and the fat lady slumps to her knees with a groan.

The prayers are finished, and things become a little more gratifying. Now they can see the flowers with the labels, *Mom and Dad, Sister, Your Loving Brothers, and Friends from School*. It's easy to cry now, and grown women peek through their sorrow to see how their tears measure up to Gertrude Clancy's. I look at them disgustedly, and my high school friend tells me that I'm a brute.

It's my turn now to kneel at the coffin, and I smile at the frilly yellow dress and the patent-leather shoes. This isn't Mary—so I rise.

I don't plan to speak to Mary's mother; I decide to just nod, and go, but she turns from a blubbering stranger and takes hold of my hand. Here is no hysteria, no awareness of curious eyes, no hatred for those who come with soggy handkerchiefs and say, "Doesn't she look lovely!" Here instead is weariness. "She didn't make it, did she?" And I have to answer, "Well, Mrs. Clark, I guess in one way she did make it." Then she looks at me for a minute, nods, and I move on.

I say something very profound to Frannie, and to two of the three brothers. But Eddie, seventeen, the town tough guy, stands staring at an open casket. His face twists and he repeats in a sing-song moan, "I was so mean to her."

So I force myself out into the darkness, and I let the wind seek shelter beneath my unbuttoned coat. Sure, I know that was Mary, or rather, it was Mary's shell. But I haven't any tears, only a deep, deep hollow in my chest. I hate myself and I hate those slobbering people. Then I realize that I'm glaring up at Santa Claus, still guzzling someone's yellow beer. I hate him too, so I scoop up a great mound of filthy slush, and I hurl it at the billboard with all my strength. As I run, the slush trickles down, and Santa's tears are mine.

A Story of Jazz

Eileen Warren, '60

JAZZ has long been the scorned stepchild of music. It has often been dismissed for a variety of reasons: either it is "low-brow," or "primitive," or even "immoral." Yet for anyone who would become musically mature, it cannot be entirely overlooked as a compelling kind of music.

It is sometimes difficult to understand the antagonism directed at jazz; but perhaps it has something to do with the origins of the music. Nearly everyone knows the almost hackneyed New Orleans myth about the beginnings of jazz; that it developed from basic West African rhythms imported with Southern slaves. This African influence combined in America, and more specifically in New Orleans, with European ideas of melody and harmony, to produce the phenomenon called jazz. But the relation to Africa unfailingly reminds the sophisticated American of wild uncontrolled primitivism. Yet the rhythms from which jazz developed are more complex than anything found in "classical" or so-called "serious" music. Many of these African rhythms are impossible to score, because a number of different ones are used, each crossing the other. American jazz is usually played in four-four or standard time, but its rhythmic complexity is due to the musicians' experimenting with and "playing around" the basic rhythm. Erroll Garner, for example, achieves his distinctive piano styling by letting his left hand lag just a little behind the tempo he sets with his right hand.

Perhaps a more sensational element in the development of jazz is the early associations of its musicians with dope, boot-legging, and prostitution. Indeed it is true that the

New Orleans "red light" district where jazz was first played was notorious as a habitation for every conceivable vice. The environment into which jazz was born was socially decadent, but this is a fact to be held more against the society which produced such a reaction (jazz was played first as a sign of freedom by the American Negro, part of a reaction against earlier restrictions) than against the music itself. But critics claim that music played by people like these could not be good or artistic, but must be intrinsically immoral. It is like saying Dylan Thomas could not have written good poetry because he was an alcoholic.

True, too, is the fact that many of the early jazzmen couldn't read scored music. They were not, however, illiterate musically. They attained their precision through practice, imitation, and an innate "feeling." And it is evident that simply being able to read a score does not make a musician.

Jazz, however, has changed its associations. With its new-found respectability, though, has come an unavoidable alteration in some of the characteristics of the music. There are those who say that not only the characteristics, but the essential nature of the music has changed, so that the early Dixieland-type jazz is something entirely different from progressive or modern jazz. The trend in jazz today is to ally the music more closely with European standards, to make it more precise, more intelligent. According to the traditionalist school, this is exactly what is wrong with modern jazz. The moderns, they say, have changed even the nature of improvisation, the most important ingredient of jazz playing. With the early New Orleans or Dixieland bands, improvisation depended on the whole group, each player relying on the other to contribute to the overall harmony. This type of music, claim Dixieland advocates,

was more demanding, and more artistic, since each man had to have an instinctive feeling or knowledge of the note that another man would play. Improvisation in modern jazz is usually accomplished through a break in the piece, when one man improvises in a solo.

Modern jazz, too, has replaced the brassy sounds of the older bands by relying on more delicate reed instruments rather than on the louder trumpet or trombone. It draws academically trained players, many of whom studied music in college, and who are familiar with classical notation and arrangement. The New Orleans school musicians claim that these players, Dave Brubeck, for instance, merely "ape" European style, and if they tried, they might be "almost as good" as the classical musicians they imitate. To these attacks, the modern jazzmen reply that their music is part of the culture and must grow and expand with it. Dixieland was good in its place, and it made a solid foundation upon which later musicians could work.

The precise, intellectual aim of the progressivists, however, has brought about a paradox which few people foresaw. To some, "written jazz" does not seem an actual contradiction, which it is. The recent success of the "Peter Gunn" albums proved this fact, since they were widely interpreted as the epitome of modern jazz. Actually, the albums were entirely scored beforehand, to produce a predetermined effect. They left no room for improvisation upon which jazz essentially depends.

The story of jazz is complicated, especially when one tries to follow the many trends which took place in the short space of fifty years. To an untrained ear, the music sounds discordant; yet its complexity mirrors well the society it attempts to communicate. But somehow the society seems only vaguely aware of the music and all too disinterested

in its development. Nat Hentoff, an editor of *Down Beat*, arguing that jazz needs a strong American audience, says:

During the past half-century, the American intellectual artist has continued to search restlessly and often profoundly for the roots of his culture. . . . But in all this searching, one of the most unmistakable strains of American culture—both as a musical language and as a way of life—has been almost entirely overlooked.

Jazz, however, has been overlooked much too long to continue to be neglected. The movement of jazz bands into the concert hall seems to indicate that the stepchild is really growing up. Modern jazz, in particular, has done much to show the world that it is neither primitive, nor immoral, nor illiterate.

Presentiment

*I have a feeling of a somewhere,
unwhere here.*

*Cloud-powder spattered on
slippery skies
points tumbling fingers to other places.*

*Slits of violet-eyed sunsets peer
into haunting, fleeting-as-a-love regions,
unknown and unmeasured.*

*Even glinting star-chips
cannot tell me of that veiled expanse
but only whisper unintelligibly
of the areas they pave.*

Mary Harrington, '61

Observateur

Elinor Bowes, '61

BOSTON—22 miles. Indicating a southward direction with an apathetic black arrow-finger, a silent signpost rigidly stands sentinel duty at the Salem-Swampscott line. Each day Mr. Commuter finds himself following the guided route, becoming one of the multitude, a reluctant party in the frantic rush . . . to what? Boston—10 miles.

“You take the high road, and I’ll take the low road . . .” and who’ll hit the traffic jam sooner? Mr. Commuter has a choice. He either heads up the ramp of the Mystic River Bridge, cursing himself for not having gone by way of the Sumner Tunnel, or he crawls into that gopher hole, wishing he hadn’t missed the turn-off for the bridge. But, never mind, he has paid the admission fee and he is almost in the theater. Swept along the last stretch of the conveyor belt spanning the Mystic River, Mr. Commuter finds himself again wishing he had taken the tunnel route. The fog of traffic clears, and when he sees the “come hither” glances of sun-specked office windows, he stops brooding. The doors of the theater swing open. The orchestra plays . . . a discordant, modern-jazz symphony of blaring horns and shrieking whistles. Here is the show . . . here is Boston.

Mr. Commuter watches Boston from a window in the John Hancock building, or from a third floor of Jordan Marsh, or from the back seat of the M.T.A. bus. He sees it from his classroom as he lectures drowsy students, or from a laboratory window, where he is experimenting in photosynthesis. He never quite knows Boston. But he experiences

a certain affinity with the city, so that when the Red Sox win a game, or a well-known personality claims Boston as her home-town, or when the dialogue in a movie mentions Boston, he can sit up and smile knowingly, and perhaps glance surreptitiously to see if anyone is whispering, "He must be from Boston."

Now Mr. Commuter thinks he is part of Boston. But he is still watching. He hasn't quite perfected a Bostonian's look of complete ennui when a subway car stops and not at a station. Mr. Commuter gapes at first, and then in a flurry of embarrassment, opens his paper and reads it. Before crossing a street, the cautious Mr. Commuter looks both ways and is usually left standing on the curb, while Boston's own dart between the rushing cars to the opposite side.

Mr. Commuter will never embrace Boston and take the Hub entirely into his heart. He doesn't know the State House, the Common, the Swan-Boats, Mrs. Jack's, Fenway Park, Bunker Hill, John Kennedy, the Cardinal. As long as he looks, Mr. Commuter won't love Boston. He'll appreciate her, because she's given a good show. Then he'll go home.

He'll go out of the theater each night, back into the desperate exodus. He'll crawl into his gopher hole or slip on to his conveyor belt, join with his fellow disciples of the road and plow through the twenty-two miles of traffic back to Salem. Mr. Commuter is home for the night. Tomorrow brings another "spectacular." He'll be there again, in the first row, the choice seats, watching, watching . . . Boston.

Emmanuel

Christmas, Christ in us. God, overflowing in love, creating us to share in His life. His light shining on us from the depth of eternity. A love so great, He came as a Child dispelling our blindness by the force of His brightness. We are never groping in darkness, but illumined by Christ. He was not once in a stable, with us for a time, and returned into Heaven. His grace is constant; not occasional, but daily; not dying, but growing in force. In us is Bethlehem, receiving the Lord. He is born every minute in us; in us is Christmas.

The liturgy at Christmastide is not commemorating the fact that God came, because He is coming always in the very same miracle. Rather, since even the extraordinary is accepted in time, especially at this season we honor His miracle.

Christmas, Christ in us, mysterious and simple, is celebrated wonderfully by the Church in her liturgy. The first Mass of Christmas at midnight is the black night of Bethlehem made gold by His presence, and the sin on our soul erased by His grace.

The prayers of the Mass, in beautiful cadence, reflect joy at His coming, their simplicity magnifying the profundity of the mystery. The Child begotten "in the brightness of the saints, from the womb before the day-star," is.

His birth shines out the miracle that cleansed the sin of Israel. We, too, ask for that redeeming grace. "O God," we pray, "Who hast made this most holy night to shine forth with the brightness of the true light, grant, we beseech Thee,

that we who have known the mystery of His light on earth, may attain the enjoyment of His happiness in heaven.”

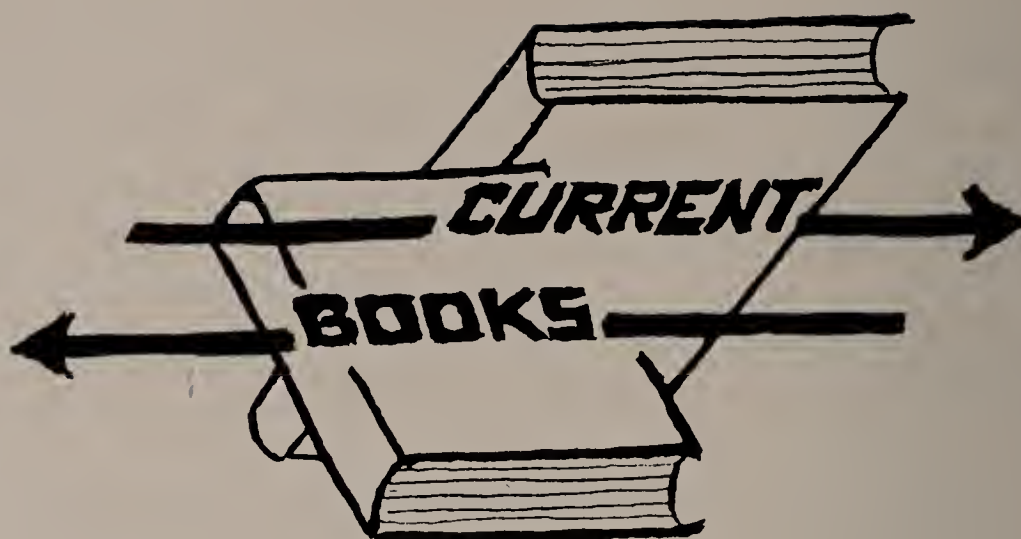
(Collect) Christ’s birth is a life radiating in us, making us share in His divinity. Because He is man, we are sharing His life; and because He is God, we are sons of God. He Who brought peace to Israel is in our souls, Emmanuel, our King and Lawgiver, the Expected of the Nations and their Savior.

Those blind to His light give a worth to the world out of all proportion to its value. They seem not to have heard the words of the Lord: “Thou art My son, this day have I begotten Thee.” Nor do they catch the significance of the words of the Psalmist repeated in the Introit of the Mass: “Why have the Gentiles raged, and the people devised vain things?” Thoughts of self, only, are foolish at Christmas. Christmas is a remembering God in us and us in God.

Joy in Christ is overpowering, overflowing into the world. Christmas cards, candles, stars on a tree reflect a rejoicing we feel. Symbols and customs of Christmas, no matter how worldly, remind us of His presence. It is a time to be happy: “Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad before the face of the Lord: because He cometh.” (Offertory)

At midnight on Christmas when we are looking back to Bethlehem, forward to Heaven, and experiencing Christ within us, our adoration is real; our joy is complete. May our offering of that day’s Feast be pleasing to the Lord, Emmanuel; and we ask “that of Thy bountiful grace we may, through this sacred intercourse, be found conformed to Him, in whom our substance is united to Thee.”

E. K.



The Thirteenth Apostle. Eugene Vale. New York: Charles Scribner and Sons, 1959.

In his novel, *The Thirteenth Apostle*, Eugene Vale describes a man's search for self-knowledge and for a knowledge of God. At the beginning of the book, Donald Webb, an American consul stationed in the main port of a Central American country, has set out for the jungle on a self-commissioned journey to investigate the death of Franz Crispian, an artist whom Webb had met briefly in his official capacity as consul. Crispian had been a Socratic "gadfly" to Webb, urging him to peer deeper into his own soul. He always annoyed Webb, who was reluctant to discover the truth about himself.

The author gives a strong presentation of Webb, as modern man, one of the "lost generation," an idealist, yet a pragmatist. But in these seeming contradictions, Vale keeps his character dramatically consistent and consistently human. In the initial dialogue between Webb and Crispian, Webb is the reluctant truth-seeker goaded by Crispian's penetrating remarks. Crispian has been planning a trip to

Irozco, a primitive settlement, where he hopes to continue painting. Webb questions his motives:

"Why? What do you expect to find there?"

"I don't know." Crispian frowned. "Maybe the uncomplicated, child-like existence of the savage."

. . . .

"There's no going back to childhood," Webb persisted.

"I'm not even tempted. But when you've lost your way, you retrace your steps to beginnings. You look for your roots."

The core of Webb's search lies in this passage. He had to relive past motives before he could discover the truth of the present. He had to find out how and where he had lost his true self.

Because Webb is continually recalling incidents, one can become entangled in this jungle of flashbacks. But Vale cuts through the underbrush with machete-sharp precision and leads the reader through the confusing maze back to the immediate plot. He uses symbols, also, to intensify the plot. *El Soledad*, the mountain which Webb conquers in order to find Crispian, is the most impressive symbol. The realism of the mountain when Webb is struggling to reach the peak at first seems paramount until one becomes aware that the spiritual ascent to the mountain of truth is the primary meaning.

Like a jig-saw puzzle, the book ends only when Webb, whom Crispian had called the thirteenth Apostle because he was chosen to be a follower of Christ, answers the call, finding Crispian and Christ. Vale's novel is one of heightened and sustained interest. The chief merit of the novel is its characterization. Although Crispian appears only indirectly through the major part of the book, he is nevertheless a dominating character. The theme of *The Thir-*

teenth Apostle is definitely worthwhile; yet it becomes somewhat labored at times by an overabundance of philosophical and psychological considerations. The compelling quality of the book, its drama and vivid descriptions, more than compensate for its complexity.

Elinor Bowes, '61

Willamette Interlude. Sister Mary Dominica McNamee, S.N.D. California: Pacific Books, 1959.

In January of 1844, after weeks of becalmed delay, a little two-masted brig, aptly named *L'Infatigable*, set sail from the north of Europe. On board were six Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame de Namur, a missionary group under the leadership of Father Pierre De Smet, S.J. Ahead lay a seven-month journey around the "Horn" in quarters so cramped that the Sisters would take turns sleeping on the floor and staying awake to chase away the rats that infested the ship. Fired with missionary zeal, they were leaving the comfortable convents and boarding-schools of Belgium for the "primitive accommodations, privations and hardships of the Oregon frontier" to bring the love of "the Good God" and the fundamentals of Christian faith and education to Indian, half-breed and white settler alike.

Willamette Interlude is the story of those early years of valiant struggle with "pagan inertia, . . . and the incredible squalor and misery of frontier life;" of Belgian women of gentile background placing complete trust in God, then rolling up their sleeves and learning to use the tools with which they built their convent and schools, and cleared and cultivated forty acres of field to support school, convent and orphanage. Reinforced by the arrival of a second band

of seven, the Sisters opened a boarding-school in nearby Oregon City in 1848. This school and the original mission of Sainte Marie de Willamette were maintained until the establishment of the California foundation in 1851, when the Sisters left the Oregon Territory.

Sister Mary Dominica's scholarly and perceptive reconstruction of incidents and personalities from memoirs, letters, and diaries of the early Oregon missionaries, as well as historical documents preserved in episcopal archives and those of her own Order, has produced so colorful a narrative that it sometimes suggests fiction rather than history. Her analyses and evaluations of situations, and the interactions of personalities is lightened and animated by a subtle sense of humor which runs through the book. The characters are vividly and realistically portrayed: the energetic, zealous Father DeSmet, devoted to his savages; Bishop Blanchet, struggling with a vast mission territory and an acute shortage of clergy; the fascinating Superior, Sister Loyola—noted for her initiative and ability to get things done and to meet difficulties with optimism; humble and self-effacing Sister Mary Cornelia, with unusual gifts of prudence and judgment; Sister Marie Catherine—an exuberant combination of visionary and resourceful businesswoman; the missionaries and peoples of the Oregon Territory—all come to life in the pages of *Willamette Interlude*. As Dr. Edwin Beilharz, University of Santa Clara, notes in his Preface:

. . . the past is recreated, its experience relived. The reader . . . will feel, if vicariously, the determination, courage, and rugged faith with which obstacles were met. In the end he will have deepened his awareness at once of the tragic as well as the heroic dimensions of life.

Theodora Malhowski, '60

John Paul Jones: a Sailor's Biography. Samuel Eliot Morison. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1959.

The professional duty of an historian is to set down the facts of what actually happens and why. Samuel Eliot Morison's immediate knowledge of the scene and his careful research result in a penetrating study of John Paul Jones. Morison is no novice at this work. In 1955 he won a Pulitzer Prize for his biography, *Christopher Columbus, Mariner*. At that time he had already completed thirteen volumes of a *History of the United States Naval Operations*.

In his latest work, *John Paul Jones*, the author presents a compelling tale about one of our most famous sea captains of the Revolutionary period. Much of the romantic idealization of Jones is here refuted and his faults are not ignored. Morison gives a panoramic view of Jones' life: his humble beginnings in Scotland; at thirteen, his apprenticeship in the British Merchant Marine; and later his vigorous life both at sea and on land. Colorful accounts of the brash young captain in his early voyages, of his success with the ladies of Paris, and of his terrorizing raids off the coast of Scotland hold reader attention. Perhaps the most vivid description is the epic meeting between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis*. But when Jones was refused a promotion to Admiral, he engaged in his last campaign under Catherine the Great. The man who had fought so lustily for freedom in the Revolution saw his last naval action under the flag of a despot.

John Paul Jones is well written and extensively documented. Precise in historical detail, sound in the interpretation of fact, graceful in literary expression, *John Paul Jones* may well be called the definitive biography of the sailor who had "not yet begun to fight."

Eileen Holland, '60

The Mermaid Madonna. Stratis Myrivilis. Translated by Abbott Rick. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1959.

The Mermaid Madonna, by Stratis Myrivilis, is a blend of the old and the new. The novel is set after World War I when refugees from Turkish Anatolia found refuge on the Aegean island Skala. But the author weaves his story around the green-eyed Smaragthi, a mysterious creature found by one of these fishermen in his boat and raised by him and his wife.

As she grows, Smaragthi develops into a living image of the mermaid madonna painted inside a tiny chapel on a rock by the sea. This madonna is the patroness of the isle, a link between Christianity and old Greek myths—a sea-goddess, yet a virgin madonna. Smaragthi has much devotion to her, and like her, is also a gift of the sea. The young girl's beauty is exceptional. Every man desires her. But she has vowed chastity and, like a mermaid, shrinks with revulsion at the touch of a man. Indirectly, by this coldness, Smaragthi causes a suitor's suicide and her step-father's voluntary exile.

Yet who is Smaragthi? A nymph? A sea-divinity? Or simply an abandoned child? Myrivilis leaves this for the reader to decide. One thing is certain, she bears some relation to the mermaid madonna painted on the wall of the chapel.

Mingled with the tale of the blond Smaragthi are the stories of the poor fishermen—their fights, their friendships, their troubles with the sea and the land, and above all, their tales—fairy, legendary, mythical, which form so large a part of the sea, the sky, and the land.

One of the major attractions of this novel is its varied descriptions of the sea and the land. Myrivilis' sketches are somewhat akin to Paton's lyrical descriptions of Africa in his *Cry, the Beloved Country*. Myrivilis describes the sea vividly:

The waves leap out of the murk. Towering like dragons, they descend savagely, thrusting forward their bulging, tiger-streaked chests and toss their foamy manes in the gale. Driven by titanic fury, they sweep in with a roar and in a final burst rise howling and crash down on the Mount. Enormous masses of water grind their teeth and bellow as they strike and try to undermine, pulverize, and consume it.

Myrivilis presents a novel full of human interest, but never cloying with sentimentality. There is a sense of humanity coming from a poor people whose life is harsh, sometimes bitter, but always good. The old folk tale of the man-avoiding mermaids is a reality. The mermaid returns again to man under a more human form but, as always, attracts men to their death or disaster. The modern never destroys the ancient.

Stratis Myrivilis makes his first appearance in America with this fine translation by Abbott Rick. Although he may be unknown to us, he is a foremost literary figure in Greece and a member of its National Academy.

Mary Harrington, '61

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Contents

Fiction

HOUSE ON VESPER STREET—Ellen L. Kelly	80
DREAM OF COLIN—Eileen Kennedy	97
THE SKEPTIC—Marian McDonnell	105
BROKEN IMAGES—Theresa Adario	109

Non-Fiction

AMERICAN CATHOLIC INTELLECTUALISM: A TEACHER'S REFLECTIONS— Sister Marie of the Trinity, S.N.D.	68
THE ARTISTRY OF WORDS—Myrna Deveau	90
HUMANIST SOLUTION—Priscilla Neville	111

Poetry

TOO MANY TREES—Marian McDonnell	77
PSALM—Eileen Warren	78
TWO AND FORTY—Eileen Warren	79
HEAVEN-HELD—Eileen Kennedy	102
SONG FROM AN ORIENTAL LEGEND— Sister M. Antanina, F.M.M.	114

Editorial

QUESTION OF LEISURE	116
-------------------------------	-----

Current Books

EXODUS—Sheila Ryan	118
THE JOY OF MUSIC—Elinor Bowes	119
GOD'S FRONTIER—Mary Walsh	121
THE WANTON BOYS—Catherine Mahon	122

American Catholic Intellectualism: A Teacher's Reflections

Sister Marie of the Trinity, S.N.D.

The first article in this series (December, '59 issue) showed that the historical factors formerly inhibiting our national Catholic intellectual tradition are no longer valid deterrents to such a tradition. Its author, Miss Helen Prescott, stressed purgation of the attitudes such a background produced. She asserted that America's Catholic students should assume responsibility for development of the Catholic intellectual tradition.

As I reflect upon the positive and negative charges which have stimulated collegiate intellectual currents in the past two years, I wonder if both students and professors, engaged in such discussions, fail to consider the essential nature of the scholar and his contribution to scholarship. Who is a scholar? A college student may reply: "A scholar is one who is at home in his own discipline; one who knows his own field." But a scholar is not necessarily a college student. As a college teacher, I would like to extend the student's definition. I think a scholar is a person whose interest centers upon at least one area of knowledge as he probes for fuller understanding of the truth it contains. He knows what he knows. He knows what he does not know and how to increase his knowledge. Moreover, he is not a memorizer of facts; he is a person engaged in a quest. He is a person who can analyze the object of his study, describe it precisely, and measure it objectively according to recognized norms of value.

Actually, the scholar is a critic and a creator. For example, one who is a scholar in literature is a literary critic. In his search for meaning and value, he describes the literary object by bringing to bear on it all that is relevant to its elucidation and by excluding all that is irrelevant. But his descriptive power does not make him a critic. It is only when he evaluates the object in the light of his description that he performs the critical function. Similarly, the scholar in any discipline describes and evaluates, that is, performs the critical function. In the application of this scientific method, he comes to know better his own discipline and others not his own. If he isolates his area of knowledge from all others, or resolves problems only by reference to his own discipline, he runs the risk of excluding relevant knowledge. In the exclusion of relevant knowledge, the function of criticism is impaired. The scholar studies other disciplines not only to know his own better but also to know others for themselves. This is his quest, to know the whole of which all disciplines are a part. If another discipline seems contradictory to his own, he must know why. If he is a scholar he knows why his position is right or why his conclusions do not follow from his premise. He must also know why another is wrong before he rejects the assertions of his colleague.

Truth is what the scholar seeks. The good of the intellect, not the "becoming" of the individual, is his end. It is not a question of striving to be a scholar nor of striving to possess the virtue of the scholar—the intellectual habit of mind. If a person is exercising his intellectual powers in grasping things in a rational way of knowing, he is coming to know something as true. Reason is not his only guide; intuition, empirical reality, revelation aid him in his quest; but self-improvement is never his end.

Dietrich von Hildebrand, in his work, *Transformation in*

Christ, expresses well the importance of disinterestedness when he says:

It is not from what we undertake with a view to our own transformation, but from the things to which we devote ourselves for their own sake, that will issue the deepest formative effect upon our habitual being. The transformation of our character under these influences is essentially, on our part, the reception of a "gift" rather than a purpose attained by our will.

He goes on to say, and this is crucial:

All true values to which we attend in a contemplative attitude, with which our souls become imbued, unfold such a transforming effect in the depths of our being. The vision of the beautiful, as Plato says (*Phaedrus* 249 d), causes our soul "to grow wings." Whenever a true value affects us, whenever a ray of beauty, goodness or holiness "wounds" our heart, whenever we abandon ourselves in contemplative relaxation to a true value that comes within our presence—so that the full process of *frui*, of the creative ripening of its experience within us becomes possible, that that value may penetrate us wholly and elevate us above ourselves—a certain "actual" (that is, in itself transitory) change is produced in our being, which, however, according to the height of the value that affects us and the depth of our "actual" response to it, will leave permanent traces far outlasting our "actual" experience. By this spiritual nourishment our very essence will be changed and, as it were, leavened.

189

Learning in this way is important. Yet, what is more important is the creative act which follows "the contemplative attitude." It is easy to explain my meaning by reference to literature. When a dramatist selects for his subject a character from literary tradition, he takes what is familiar to many people. But when he presents this character in his own drama, it transcends the original. He creates something new, possessing a vitality of its own. It may be better or worse than the traditional character but his representation is not the same as the original. What a student shapes from his

knowledge is important. What he creates in his own conception of a familiar dramatic character is his interpretation of this character.

But the term *scholar*—critic and creator though he be—is not synonymous with the term *intellectual*. The scholar, to be an intellectual, must be a sharer as well as a knower. In sharing, he shows that he is responsible not only to and for himself; he is responsible to and for the community.

Thomas F. O'Dea, in *American Catholic Dilemma: An Inquiry into the Intellectual Life*, defines intellectuals as "those committed to the intellectual solution of human problems" (p. 22). Both teacher and student recognize the teacher's professional dedication to such work. What the student may not recognize is that he, too, has such a commitment. The student, the American Catholic college student in particular, who has formed the habit of thinking, reading, discussing, analyzing so that he has a clear opinion about the problems raised, has a responsibility, if he is to be an intellectual, to communicate his findings, to share with others in the building of another world. It is more than a responsibility. He has the same compulsion as some creative writers who are so filled with what they want to say that they cannot rest until they have transmitted their perceptions.

Mr. O'Dea enlarges his conception of the intellectual's dedication by quoting Merle Curti's definition as it appears in *American Paradox: The Conflict of Thought and Action* (p. 73): intellectuals are "those men and women whose main interest is the advancement of knowledge, or the clarification of cultural issues and public problems." So we come to the crux of the American Catholic dilemma. We have Catholic scholars, "invisible scholars," Fr. Gustave Weigel, S.J. has called them, who have knowledge, understanding, wis-

dom; who contemplate truth, but who do not contribute or have not contributed to the body of existing scholarship.

Why does the American Catholic fail to contribute his share to scholarship? Is it for the reasons Monsignor John Tracey Ellis presented in his *American Catholic and the Intellectual Life*: anti-Catholic prejudice; dedication to apologetics rather than scholarship; the ethnic character and background of the major portion of the Catholic group; the lack of an intellectual tradition; materialism; clerical anti-intellectualism; imitation of the worst features of secular education; betrayal of one another through competition resulting in mediocrity; over-emphasis on moral development; absence of love of scholarship for its own sake?

To me the last of Monsignor Ellis' reasons, lack of love of scholarship for its own sake, seems the primary cause of the Catholic's meagre contribution to scholarship. This kind of love compels a man to create and so to share. Many of us have read Chaucer together. We have realized that he has often used stories and characters found in the works of his predecessors. But we have also seen what he has done to create a new Theseus and a Criseyde which differ from that of Boccaccio. We have worked out our solution to the problem of the Pardoner's anger; we have realized the fine irony in the *Nun's Priest's Tale* and delighted in discovery that it is more than a story of cock and hen. And we have puzzled over and come to an understanding of the relation of the *Troilus* palinode to the five books preceding it. We have found Chaucer's language, sound structure, and presentation of human beings exciting because of his art. We have enjoyed reading his poetry for its own sake. When a student has written a particularly fine paper and has read it to others in class or seminar, she knows the response it elicits. The writer has been enthusiastic about her study; the audience, in many cases, has questioned, challenged, and forced the writer to

clarify her ideas. In some classes, presentation of a paper has stimulated a fellow student to write a paper in response. Sometimes classroom discussion of ideas has continued in corridor and dining hall.

In Creative Writing classes, students read their stories, submit their work for criticism, battle the issues of realism, naturalism, morality, prudence, and art. Their finished work, when it appears in the college magazine, evokes further discussion from readers.

This happens day after day, year after year on campus. This is the material of scholarship in one field. This procedure is duplicated, certainly, in other fields of knowledge. But what happens later on? Why does the good work done in college fail to become the better work of post-college days? Human problems are all the more meaningful then; issues of life demand constant examination and clarification. Is it only when one reads Plato in undergraduate classes that one believes with Socrates that the unexamined life is not worth living? Is a gadfly a prerequisite stimulant to evaluation and action? Does one forget that the intellectual life is worth living? Why does the promising scholar of undergraduate days neglect his pursuit of the intellectual life in later years?

Has the teacher who is a scholar, who is a creator, a lover of truth and beauty, failed to communicate, to reproduce his image in his students?

In the September, 1959 issue of *Spiritual Life*, Dr. Henry G. Fairbanks, in his article, "No Scholarship for Christ," places the responsibility for lack of scholarship with the teacher. In a striking analysis of the relationship between Christ and the Doctors in the Temple, Dr. Fairbanks excoriates the Doctors who, "notwithstanding the impression which the boy Jesus made upon them," consigned this dazzling intelligence, this Mind, to Nazareth, "as inept a nursery for culture as a hamlet in the Great Smokies" (p. 201). Of

course this Mind was not impaired, but Dr. Fairbanks thinks that another mind, suffering the same rejection, could be stunted and its promise perverted. The essence of his thought is given in one statement: "Talent included the imperative of recognition which they withheld."

Why do modern Doctors sometimes withhold recognition? Obviously, Dr. Fairbanks thinks that the teacher in college or university who, in the presence of the promising scholar, the dazzling intelligence, fails to encourage him, betrays him. For such betrayal, Dr. Fairbanks offers the following possible reasons: embarrassment because of his own incompetence; inertia in the face of questions which challenge his comfortable pedantry; miserliness in sharing his know-how; a critical attitude which is never creative; complacency in his own captious questioning; laziness. Dr. Fairbanks calls attention to those who seemingly understand the problem of this lost excellence but merely lament and keen over it. All over the world these Doctors allow the boy Jesus to return to Nazareth.

He does not arraign the teachers only. He accuses the students of complicity in the crime because the student possesses a mind and the potential to become a scholar and an intellectual without the encouragement of the Doctors.

But let us return to the responsibility of the teacher. Certainly he should be dedicated to the advancement of knowledge. Certainly he should create a climate for his students and share his know-how in a creative way, a true indication of his own joy in teaching and research. Anton C. Pegis, in his introduction to *A Gilson Reader*, asserts that Gilson's educational ideals stem from the equilibrium of Faith and Reason. Pegis thinks that this balance of Faith and Reason in the ideal teacher is imaged in Gilson himself. He says:

The prime function of education is to teach truth to man as an intellectual being. This does not deny other important ob-

jectives in education, but it does insist that unless the objective is achieved, the teaching function of the school is not being achieved at all. To teach is to teach truth to an intellect, the intellect of the student.

The final sentences of this excellent paragraph epitomize Pegis's thought:

To educate man is to take part in the growth of something within man of which only God is the master. For man as man is living in a world of truth, a world of which God alone is the author and teacher, of which human teachers are but the servants, and in which all men are apprentices to their own rational adulthood so that they may grow to walk in it as free men under their own judgment.

The end of teaching, the end of scholarship is truth; its possession is wisdom. This is the goal of teacher and student.

When the dazzling intelligence exercises itself in its brilliant way; when lesser intelligence realizes its capabilities; when the average student consistently reads, talks, studies to know deeply his small or large area of interest, and makes it his own in an original way, he becomes a scholar. The deeper he probes and the more exciting his discoveries, the greater his love of scholarship will be. If he continues to give his mind free play and is encouraged to question traditional assumptions in his own major field and out of it; creating out of his knowledge something which he shares with another, he can become an intellectual.

I am not the first to say that the preface to production of a scholarly work is the will and freedom to use one's talents. Even the casual reader must have discovered this answer to the problem long before this. And this *is* the answer. This problem is not new; Christ saw it long ago when He won for us the life of grace. He knew human nature. He knew the answer the man of great talent would give; He knew the answer of the man of lesser talent. But He warned us that

the answer of the man with little talent was not the right answer. He showed us that one must not be an unprofitable servant.

The intellectual life is open to all in greater or less degree. Every man can contemplate joyfully proximate truth, however fractional it may appear, and this is but the promise of what is to come. Every man can also know the joy of sharing his vision. St. Thomas treated this aspect of the intellectual life when he said: "... even as it is better to enlighten than merely to shine, so it is better to give to others the fruits of one's contemplation than merely to contemplate" (*Summa Theologica*, IIa, IIae, Q188, a.6). Only such shared knowledge brings enrichment to the world.

The reward of the teacher-scholar is intangible yet communicable. It is the satisfaction of discovering at least a portion of the unity and variety of human and divine truth. It is the joy of sharing this discovery with others and of stimulating them to join in expanding and refining the areas of human knowledge beyond their present spatial and temporal limitations.

Too Many Trees

In a hollow, spirited by things
almost seen, never captured,
quivers one fur-willow plum—
softly warm, cheek-silvered
where draughts of sun
breeze against it,
stir it, thrilling
on the April stem of morning.

I have determined profundity.
Everything means something—
means everything—
Agreed.
. . . and yet, this dream—
no, not a dream—
a memory,
vanishes, eludes each furrowed
philosophical attempt.

Yet, coming on the fading,
a purple haze upon a thread,
it seems that I remember—
a psalm . . . a valley . . .
and a century bloom unfurling.

but then it is gone
and again I have said nothing.

Marian McDonnell, '61

Psalm

Holding slim silence of
One shaken reed in
City-stained fingers,
I shall fly from
Summer green din of
Blue-bright water
Sounds,
Murmuring my peace away.
Right hand holding
Stalk-smooth simplicity,
Clutching it sand soft,
My peace will rebound from
Pavement-hard streets.
Contemplation will shout
Past tenement confusion
And make of it a
Rejection.
I will put the river
At my back:
Tall solitude will mill
Among numberless numbers:
And they will see the
Reed of simplicity
And be scattered to
Silence.

Eileen Warren, '60

Two and Forty

When I shall be young
There will be
Cloud-high mountains
To slide
And ocean wide puddles
To splash,
Gutter-lost kittens
To pat
And a romp of a dog
To bark at.

Moon-long days will
Flood sun billows
On me.
And the sky will
Snow leaves
To bluster at.

There will be hills
To see past
And nights full of
Light.

Then I shall be young.

Eileen Warren, '60

House on Vesper Street

Ellen L. Kelly, '60



THE house on Vesper Street was red. It had an ugly grace that sat like a stuffy matron on its front veranda. It was, to say the least, a very proper house. And yet there was something else about the house, something rakish in the way that the stained glass windows around the door grinned out at the street—something that gave the impression that the matron had once been caught leaping through the mounds of leaves that lined the curved drive in autumn.

On a musty Saturday afternoon in October, a woman and a child walked up the curved drive towards the redstone steps of the house. The child slid through the leaf mounds. The woman walked around them.

The child was homely, but then the child is not forever . . . and her too-thin face and large eyes promised something beautiful in a day beyond this one. She was slight and somewhat small for her age; the only mark of beauty about her was her thick cap of auburn hair caught shining as she paused in a patch of sunlight to prod a leaf with her toe.

"Judith." The voice of the woman was controlled . . . so was the face that looked out of the shadow towards the sun-patch. It had been a face like the child's once, but the promise had not come so benignly. "Come quickly!"

Judith jolted out of her stilledream and sighed as she stepped swiftly behind her mother. They climbed the steps together and as Judith hit each one, she banged it hard with her foot and counted loud, "One, two, three"

"My, we are being obstinate today, aren't we?" The woman did not look at the child when she said this, but kept right on up the steps and across the porch to the door. Judith paused for a moment and then followed her mother, more softly this time. Judith's mother leaned over and pushed the lion's head in the center of the door. A bell sounded hollowly inside the house. "Now, let us see if we can act more like a young lady of twelve," the woman drew herself up as she said this, "and not like an animal, shall we?"

Judith turned away and came face-close to a green pane of glass at her eye level. Far down the end of the hall a widening path of sunlight indicated that a door was being opened—the door to the solarium where her grandmother was. Why? she thought. Why do we have to come here every single Saturday for nothing? She ran her forefinger over the rough texture of the glass, as if she were memorizing it. Grandmother doesn't know we're here, she never has . . . Judith looked up at her mother's solid profile . . . and she doesn't care.

The great door swung open and Aunt Alicia darted out of the green world. "Constance, dear." She took a quick step forward and flung her arms open to bestow a rapid embrace on her sister that ended in a customary cheek touch. "So good to see you again," she murmured, "so good."

"Yes," Constance replied absently, brushing past Alicia into the house.

Alicia turned her attention on Judith. "And you, dear Judith, how are you?"

Judith suffered through an embrace that smelled of musk leaves, rubbing alcohol, and a faint trace of garlic—Aunt Alicia's private vice. "Fine," she mumbled to her aunt's retreating back. Same darn thing every week, she thought. Every week the same old shabby surprise at seeing us. She grabbed the doorhandle vehemently and started to swing the great door shut. The smooth brass handle slipped out of her fingers and slammed. Aunt Alicia turned to face her, horrified.

Her mother stopped but did not turn around. "Judith is being unruly today, Alicia. You must not mind her."

Alicia waved her hands emptily, "I"

"Go sit in the living room and behave yourself." Constance jabbed her hatpin into the crown of her hat efficiently. She did not look at Judith as she said this, but instead seemed entirely involved with the business in her hand.

Judith, head bent, clenched her fists and walked into the living room. I hate them. I hate them both, she thought. She sat on the edge of the great winged chair stiffly, her clenched hands lying woodenly in her lap.

"Judith dear, do sit back." Aunt Alicia fluttered into the room, eager to smooth things over.

"Let her alone, Alicia." Judith's mother entered the room behind her sister and stood in the archway.

"But I"

"How is mother, Alicia?" Constance deftly ignored her sister's fumbling and sat on the edge of the sofa.

"The same . . . the same" Alicia twisted the end of her handkerchief in her fingers nervously, a spot of red in each cheek. "I, uh, I"

"What is the matter with you, Alicia? You're not at all yourself." Constance's forehead was wrinkled in a frown and there was an edge of impatience in her voice.

"He was here, Constance. Paul was here." Her words came in a rush. "He wants to see us both this afternoon."

Judith stared at Aunt Alicia. The pupils of Alicia's eyes were shiny and black and she was trembling. Then she looked at her mother and saw something strange cross her face, something she had never seen there before. A picture came to her mind, a foggy picture of a far away day when she was small and her father was alive . . . she had been so small then and her father had placed a big doll in her arms, a beautiful doll as tall as she with patent leather shoes on her feet.

"She's yours, Honey," her father had said.

"From you, Daddy?"

"No, Cherub, from your Uncle Paul."

"Who is *he*?" she had said. "Who is he?"

And then her mother, "Never you mind. Just never you mind." She took the big doll away, the beautiful doll with real hair "Some day you'll understand."

She had cried and cried. Her father had taken her in his arms but she did not stop. "Damn it all, Constance. She's just a baby."

"Some day she'll understand. Some day you'll all understand."

"I'm afraid that I do not understand, Alicia." Constance's eyes narrowed and Alicia shrunk under her stare. Her words

were measured, the way they usually were when she was reminding Judith of some misdeed. "How did he know I was to be here this afternoon? Unless"

"Oh, Con, I don't know what I said. I guess I told him." Alicia waved her hands in a hopeless gesture and her eyes began to fill up. "You know how friendly he is with Doctor Billings and he sent Paul because mother is so low. I'm just so tired . . . I" Judith felt sorry for Aunt Alicia. She looked pitiful and just a little beaten.

"Yes, Alicia, I understand and sympathize. But you must control yourself. We all must control" She stopped abruptly as if she had suddenly remembered something. She looked at Judith, sitting so small in the great chair, tracing the pattern of a flower in the carpet with her toe.

Judith looked up. She's going to send me out, she thought. They don't want me to hear.

"Judith, go out into the kitchen and visit with Miss Jody for a while."

"She'll give you something nice to eat." Aunt Alicia winked at her as she said this and again Judith felt sorry for her.

"She doesn't need anything to eat, thank you, Alicia." Constance's words cut across Alicia's remark like a knife. "Go along, Judith, and don't be a nuisance," she finished.

Judith got up obediently and left the room without looking at them. As she walked down the hall, a lump of excitement rose in her throat. Outside the kitchen door she paused and looked at the door of the solarium. "Oh, Grandmother," she whispered. "What were you like? What was Uncle Paul like? How could you . . . how could you have daughters . . . like them?" She jumped out of her musing and looked quickly back up the hall to the living room, as if she expected someone to be there, listening to her say things that

surprised even herself. But all that she heard was their voices coming from the living room; one very low and controlled, the other nasal and excited. Then she went into the kitchen, shutting the door behind her, shutting them off for a while.

Miss Jody's back was to her and the birdlike woman did not hear her enter. She was bobbing up and down over the sink, talking vigorously to the sheets she was slamming about. "Nice ladies don't do work like this. No, leave it to an old plough horse like Sally Jody." She whacked mercilessly at a sheet and wagged her head from side to side. "Some one of these days she's gonna be sorry when I" She yanked the sheet out of the sink and turned to fling it into the big bucket behind her. It was then that she saw Judith. "Well, look at who's here, will ya . . . ah" She pushed a wet wisp of hair back from her forehead and straightened up, embarrassed at having been overheard.

"Hello, Miss Jody." Judith shifted from one foot to the other, equally embarrassed at having overheard.

"Well, Missy," Miss Jody turned back to the sink and plucked another sheet. "Did ya get your ears full, huh?"

"Please, Miss Jody, I didn't"

"Listenin' in on an old woman like that when she's sayin' her thoughts to herself. What would your mother say if I told her, huh?"

Judith reddened and backed against the door. Miss Jody noted her alarm and added contritely, "But don't worry, I won't say nothin'. I knows what a heller your mother is."

You're darn right you won't say anything, Judith thought as she sat down on one of the big chairs at the table. You haven't got a right to say anything any more than I have.

"Would ya like a glass of milk or somethin'?" Miss Jody pretended that she wasn't trying to make up to her with a snack, so she shook her sheets busily, and assumed a matter of fact tone.

"No thank you. I've had my lunch."

"Suit yourself then but . . ." she leaned close to the table and bent over Judith with a wink, "I won't say nothin' if ya do."

Judith turned from her, trying to hide her disgust, and walked over to the back door. The screen door was still on and she stood in the warm fall sun staring out at the elm shadows in the back yard.

She's as bad as I am, she thought. Afraid of them, of her, afraid of . . . my mother. She looked across the yard to the solarium with the colored windows. If he's coming, she thought, if Uncle Paul's coming here, then maybe I'll get to see him. She slipped a strand of hair into the corner of her mouth absently and leaned against the doorframe. Miss Jody slapped the last of her wet sheets into the bucket. "I know how ya feel, Honey, what with your grandmother lyin' sick all these years and bein' ready to die and all."

How do you know how I feel. How does anyone know how I feel, Judith thought bitterly. But maybe Uncle Paul will, she told herself hopefully. Maybe when he comes we can talk for a little while and maybe he'll know.

"It won't be long, young one, not long." Miss Jody brushed past Judith with the bucket and swept into the back yard dramatically.

"It's never very long," Judith replied tartly and slammed the screen door behind her, following Miss Jody into the yard.

"Now don't be wise, Missy, or I'll give your mother an earful." Miss Jody flung a sheet over the clothesline and jabbed it with a wooden pin. "The cheek of you talkin' like that when your grandmother's dyin'. The doctor himself said so when he was here this mornin'. Won't be long, he said. I heard him with my own ears."

Judith stared at her unblinkingly, trying to comprehend. It was as if something had been taken away from her, something that she never really knew she had. Confused, she dropped down on the back step and tried to stop her hands from shaking.

"Yes sir, Missy. This time it's for real. And your Auntie, God love her, even though we have our little differences, havin' the house pulled right out from under her by that no good uncle of yours."

At this Judith stood up abruptly. Too much had happened that she did not understand. She swallowed, "But Miss Jody, why?"

"They never tell ya nothin', do they, kid." Miss Jody paused with a clothespin in one hand and a bunch of sheets in the other. Judith flushed under her gaze. Miss Jody wagged her head from side to side, "Probably cause you're too much like him from what I've heard."

Judith slammed her palm against the porch post. They always say this, she thought bitterly. Mother and Aunt Alicia . . . behind my back . . . and now this old, this old . . . and to my face too.

"Damn spoiled kid he was, havin' this ark of a house bought for him just because he liked the colored panes around the front door . . . and your grandmother, God forgive me for speakin' of the dyin' like that"

"What's wrong with that!" Judith was standing on the top step and her voice was high and excited. "What's wrong with her liking him well enough to do that?"

"Just like him, ain't ya. Just dyin' to up and leave and break your mother's heart. Oh, I can see it all now"

Judith turned suddenly and ran back into the house. Her head was pounding and she was trembling from head to toe. Behind her she could hear Miss Jody raving on. "Buyin' a big barn for bits of glass, imagine"

I can't stand her. She's a once-a-week lady, that's what she is. We're all once-a-week people. We're nothing. "Buyin' a big barn for bits of glass, bits of glass, bits of glass." She stopped finally in the long hall outside the kitchen door. She was breathing hard and felt heavy, so heavy. Then she heard it . . . a man's voice. He was standing in the hall in front of the door. Her mother and Aunt Alicia were standing in the archway. Alicia was clinging to her sister's arm. They did not see Judith standing in the shadowed hall.

Judith snatched back a breath and studied him. He was short and rather plump, not at all what she had expected. He had on a light grey suit. It looked soft and comfortable to wear. On the hand that held his hat a ring glinted in the sun that came through the windows . . . his windows. He looked happy to Judith. He had deep wrinkles at the side of his eyes, like laugh lines, and he looked like a person who did just as he well pleased. Judith stifled an impulse to giggle because he looked so rakish and irreverent. Yes, that was the word, irreverent . . . standing there in the dignified hall of the red house. Her arms ached to run up to him and fling themselves around his neck and tell him that she was Judith and that she wanted so much to know him. He spoke again and called her out of her dream. "Well! You've done it, haven't you. You've made my house just like yourselves." Judith's mother came a step toward him and said vehemently, "Well, you'll never get it. I'll . . . I'll . . ."

"Don't!" he raised his hand to calm her and his eyes took both of them in pityingly. "I don't want it. You know that. I never did . . . after I left." He put on his hat, stared at them keenly for a minute and opened the door. On his way out he turned and looked at the two of them again. "It's my house though. That's the sad part of it for you . . . it will always be mine." He smiled wryly before his face took on a thoughtful look, as if he had remembered something. "Tell

Judith . . . yes, Con, tell your daughter that her uncle was asking for her." Then he murmured softly, "I've never seen her though."

"She's not in right now," Constance said coldly.

Judith stopped herself from bolting out of her shadow. The plump man chuckled, reading Judith's mother like a book. "You wouldn't let me see her even if she were. Never mind. Just tell her I said hello, that's all . . . though I know you won't. Well, good-bye, Con . . . Alicia . . . good-bye." He closed the door behind him and was gone.

Constance turned on her heel and retreated into the living room with Alicia dancing lamely behind her, babbling. "Oh, Con, I'm sorry, so very sorry."

"For God's sake, Alicia, shut your mouth."

Judith turned away from them and their quarrel, not wanting to hear any more. She turned away from them and their once-a-week world and walked down the hall to her grandmother's room.

Inside, the old one lay on the bed like a fragile doll, so small and wax-like, her thin hands barely touching the coverlet. Judith crept closer to the bed and looked down into her grandmother's face. The skin on her forehead was transparent. Judith could almost see what she was dreaming. A small blue vein pulsed evenly at her temple. She was breathing faintly and her lips were moving. Judith bent closer to hear. "Paul. Paul?"

Judith swallowed and her eyes began to swim. "Yes," she said. "Yes, he's . . . he's here . . . I'm here."

"Good," her grandmother sighed, "good."

Judith turned away from the bed and walked over to the windows. She leaned her hot cheek against the cool amber glass. Outside, the fall afternoon was fading rapidly, but through the colored glass the shadows looked like noonday and the day seemed new and yet to be taken.

The Artistry of Words

Myrna Deveau, '60

WHILE reading *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, we become conscious of Joyce's, or more precisely of Stephen Daedalus' concern with words. Throughout Stephen's life words held an important place: the spoken word, the written word, the unconscious word, the unformed word, the beautiful and the ugly word, the living and the dead word, and often the remembered word. This is the word I shall treat first—the remembered word.

In this book, the remembered word is the key not only to Stephen, but also to the essential artistic device Joyce used, by which we are able to see into the mechanics of the story and into the psychology of its subject. The first line of the opening chapter contains the remembered word:

Once upon a time and a very good time it was
there was a moocow coming down along the road

Here we have our first glimpse of Stephen, the most personal glimpse another may give, that of the intellect, of the "what you are thinking." From the words we know Stephen was young, for young children think in stories and rhymes. They first begin to learn by singing the alphabet and by chanting "Hey Diddle-Dee." But if they have no "cow that jumped over the moon," then perhaps they have a "green woe botheth" or a "moocow."

Very often they remember funny things, happy little incidents like "the sailor's hornpipe," or Aunt Dante's "two brushes," or a "cachou" for a piece of tissue paper. If a child is sensitive, he may remember one incident, not so happy, like being told that eagles will come and pull out his eyes.

Eagles are terrifying to a child, especially to a nervous, high-strung, imaginative child; and Stephen was all of these and more. He was an artist child.

The next remembered word is "cold slimy water." As children grow older they begin to forget the happy experiences and tend to remember only the unhappy, and usually one outstanding and unhappy event. For Stephen it was the day Wells pushed him into a ditch. Years afterward on the first day of his retreat at college, Stephen remembered it, horrible, terrifying, and unjust. When he was at Conglowes, too, Father Dolan had struck him unjustly with his "pandybat." Stephen remembered that also. So it went all his life, as with each one of us, that a word, a gesture, another thought could bring back any number of things, which found relationships with other things, and constantly activated his mind with streams of unconnected yet related thoughts. I like to think Stephen was reminded of those small incidents, among others more encompassing, that day at the water's edge when the sheer joy of his artist's self suddenly emerged from its hiding place and blotted out all past hurt and fear:

What were they now but cerements shaken from the body of death . . . the fear he had walked in night and day, the uncertainty that had ringed him round, the shame that had abased him within and without—cerements, the linens of the grave?

His soul had arisen from the grave of boyhood, spurning her graveclothes. Yes! Yes! Yes! He would create proudly out of the freedom and power of his soul, as the great living artificer whose name he bore, a living thing, new and soaring, beautiful, impalpable, imperishable.

Perhaps now we can turn to the spoken word, the word that jarred and dashed against Stephen, such as "Roman Catholic," "Parnell," "Conglowes," "Eileen," "admit," "Byron," "woman," "freedom." They fell one by one into Stephen's life and remained there. He beat them down but

they would not hide for long. One day, one night, they would come to him out of the darkness, wrapped in remembering, or spring into the glare of the sun, and their voices would be Dante, Jesuit, Cranly.

Behind all these and dear to Stephen was the written word. For him, the written word conveyed the inmost power of man. His young soul delighted in the strong passionate utterances of Byron, and fed on the intellectual greatness of Newman and Aquinas. Now and then, and often in the middle of a sentence, he would speak aloud some word which struck his fancy:

His morning walk across the city had begun; and he foreknew that as he passed the sloblands of Fairview he would think of the cloisteral silverveined prose of Newman; that as he walked along the North Strand Road, glancing idly at the windows of the provisions shops, he would recall the dark humor of Guido Cavalcanti and smile

Next, the unconscious word, the word that Stephen accepted as a revelation, never questioning, which prompted him to seek his goal. At one point in his boyhood it was most important, for then Stephen realized his loneliness:

. . . The noise of the children at play annoyed him and their silly voices made him feel even more keenly than he had felt at Conglowes, that he was different from the others. He did not want to play. He wanted to meet the real world, the unsubstantial image which his soul so constantly beheld.

Again when Stephen had returned to his Catholic religion, it was suggested that he consider becoming a priest, a role he had dramatically envisioned for himself. But somehow the image faded and disintegrated before the powerful, unconscious force within him:

. . . Have you ever felt that you had a vocation? . . . Stephen parted his lips to answer yes and then withheld the word suddenly At once from every part of his being unrest began

to irradiate. A feverish quickening of his pulses followed and a din of meaningless words drove his reasoned thoughts hither and thither confusedly He would never swing the thurible as a priest.

The unconscious word is intimately related to the unformed word. This is the word that Stephen never heard, that fills the spaces between the lines but must never be spoken, for Stephen would not have understood. Blocked by the unconscious word, it is the one that would have told him how to love, how to reflect impartially upon himself, how to give up all that he had and to follow Him, not "it"; that in following "it" he would never have been able to give up all, because "it" would never have ultimately, completely satisfied.

When trying to regain his self-respect and his immortal soul, Stephen clung to the living word. During the retreat which brought the picture of Hell burning in words before him, he knelt and prayed:

. . . O my God . . .
. . . I am heartily sorry . . .
. . . for having offended Thee

Stephen had listened to a miracle of words. It is a tribute to Joyce that he can bring eternity to his pages and that he can hold the fires of Hell so near that we are forced to start back like Stephen and cringe before the awful nakedness of its truth:

. . . Depart from me, ye cursed, into the everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels.

He came down the aisle of the chapel, his legs shaking and the scalp of his head trembling as though it had been touched by ghostly fingers. He passed up the staircase and into the corridor He feared that he had already died, that his soul had been wrenched forth of the sheath of his body, that he was plunging headlong through space.

He could not grip the floor with his feet and sat heavily at

his desk, opening one of his books at random and pouring over it. Every word for him.

As he watched four boys on their way to confession, he experienced again the living word. Rising up before him and driving him on, it staved off the unconscious . . . for a while:

No escape. He had to confess, to speak out in words what he had done and thought, sin after sin. . . . How could he utter in words to the priest what he had done? Must, must. . . . To say it in words!

Stephen confessed. The word lived. A sudden change came over him. He lived, breathed, ate, and drank mortification and penance. He went out of his way to inflict punishment on himself. And he became proud with a false humility, so proud that he forgot for Whom and for what reason he had started his soul's journey.

Not long after, Stephen lost sight of his immortal soul. Dead, he lived in his artistic soul. "I will not serve," he said, repudiating his Source of life, "and I am not afraid to make a mistake, even a great mistake, a lifelong mistake and perhaps as long as eternity too."

The last two words, the ugly and the beautiful, enter into the life of every man. Stephen was often thrown against the ugly, but in his artist's heart he conquered it by reflecting on the beautiful. When he was a little boy lying sick in the infirmary at school, there came to him a song he had been taught, and when he had repeated it to himself, he thought:

How beautiful and sad that was! How beautiful the words were where they said "Bury me in the old churchyard!" A tremor passed over his body. How sad and how beautiful! He wanted to cry quietly but not for himself: for the words, so beautiful and sad, like music.

Later in his adolescence came an ugly word that sprang unbridled from the raging animal within himself. He had reached physical maturity; and, as with all other things, the

sensitivity of his nature reveled in its forces, drives, and meanings. He had to feel it, to explore it to the utmost, to discover whether this was the elusive self he sought. Thus on the verge of a great emotion and in an agony of doubt, he stumbled through the streets hunting its fulfillment:

. . . the wasting fires of lust sprang up again. The verses passed from his lips and the inarticulate cries, and the unspoken brutal words rushed forth from his brain to force a passage. His blood was in revolt.

Finally after the innocence, the lust, the awakening, the retreat, Stephen saw the end, the end of following the patterns set by others. He had to form his own patterns or pattern (it did not matter). He was alone once more. The gutter, the bible, and the missal were only whispers; the roar of the poet had conquered:

He drew forth a phrase from his treasure and spoke it softly to himself; . . . A day of dappled seaborne clouds The phrase and the day and the scene harmonized in a chord. Words. Was it their colors? He allowed them to glow and fade, hue after hue; sunrise gold, the russet and green of apple orchards, azure of waves, the gray fringed fleece of clouds. No, it was not their colors: it was the poise and balance of the period itself.

From that time on Stephen lived with words. He held them up, examined, exalted and despised them. It was his right, his artist's work, the foothold and stronghold of his destiny:

A soft liquid joy flowed through the words where the soft long vowels hurtled noiselessly and fell away, lapping and flowing back and ever shaking the white bells of their waves in mute chime and mute peal and soft, low swooning cry; and he felt that the augury he had sought in the wheeling darting birds and in the pale space of sky above him had come forth from his heart like a bird from a turret quietly and swiftly.

Symbol of departure or of loneliness?

Symbol of both! Stephen chose to leave all, chose as he felt

he must. The power of words unconscious, unspoken, beckoning, called him from his home and everything connected with it:

 Welcome, O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time
 the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul
 the uncreated conscience of my race.

For Stephen, the picture was complete. He had lost the living word which is eternal, ultimate, and was left with only a transitory treasure of unconnected words, only snatches of beauty, because there was no real unity amid his variety, no underlying truth. However, Joyce would not have us feel sorry for Stephen, probably because Stephen did not feel sorry for himself.

To understand Stephen is to know the words he loved; to know their universality, their highest and lowest points; to know the power they instill and call forth. These Joyce knew, and he alone fully understood Stephen. If we gain insight into any one of these words, we shall begin to comprehend the artist that was Stephen Daedalus. Was this James Joyce?

Dream of Colin

Eileen Kennedy, '60

IT WAS a chilly Saturday afternoon. Wind was sweeping up the street and black clouds were filling the sky. As I hurried along the sidewalk and half-glanced in the shop windows, a painting I saw in a small art gallery made me stop sharply. Among the sketches of boats and the sea was a painting of a boy, seated on a rough wooden bench against the wall of a dark room. His blue jacket and pants were old, soiled, hardly visible against the gloom. His face and eyes held me. The boy seemed hopeless in a way that made me think he had never known hope. I kept staring at the painting until finally I went inside.

A woman of about thirty came out from the back room. She was slight. Her sweater and skirt hung limply and her dark hair was wisped back from her face. "What can I do for you?" she asked quietly.

"That painting of the young boy. Could I see it?"

"Of course." She took a few paintings gently from the window. "The ship sketches are for sale."

"Who did the boy?" I asked.

"I did." She looked down at the portrait in her hand. "It's not for sale," she said finally.

"You knew him?"

"Yes, I did."

Rain was beginning outside and we were alone in the shop. The woman sat back on a chair, pulled her legs under her, and lit a cigarette. She seemed far away from me and talking to herself.

"I'd gone North to do some painting. The day was dreary

and an early snow was blowing about, dusting the ground. I wanted to see no town in particular. I picked Winnascotta, a tiny pinpoint on the map, because it seemed itself in the sea. Strange, the way it happened

"The main street was deserted. Snow was falling heavily, I remember, and the air was chilled from the sea. Ice pressed against all the shop windows and falling snow covered their signs. I didn't stop in the center. I found a room and spent the rest of the night unpacking.

"The next day I walked around the town. The sidewalks were narrow. The town was on a sort of hill, winding down toward the sea. When I went down on the wharf, the waters were empty. I stayed there, doing a sketch of the view. Toward evening, boats came in, one by one, and I watched the fishermen unloading their catch. That sketch is of one of the boats." She pointed out a painting absently.

"Oh," I said, coming up sharply, "it's very good."

"They were old boats. I watched the men for some time until almost everyone had gone. The wind was howling up from the water between a few scattered buildings. After it grew dark, I hurried up the dirt way, the sketches under my arm. I thought there wouldn't be too many lights by the water at night, so I wanted to get back to my room.

"Behind me in the night were a man and a boy. The man's voice broke the quiet, 'I told you to bring that boat alongside. If you'd listened to me once in a while, we might get somewhere.'

"The boy answered something under his breath that I couldn't catch. They passed me quickly. The man shoved the sketches into my side. He didn't stop, just went ahead. The boy caught up to him, then lagged behind a few steps. That was the first time I saw him.

"A few lights shined through the fog. One building directly ahead had an oil lamp bobbing in its window. An old

sign half-covered in snow read *The Yellow Lantern*. Noise flew out on the street when the man ducked in through the door. The boy followed him in a minute.

"I stopped after them and looked in through the heated pane. The lantern's bobbing made yellow spots on the window, so that I couldn't see the room clearly for a minute. Then I saw the old man. He was well known in the place. Some of the men were clapping him hard on the shoulder. I couldn't see the boy any more. Not knowing exactly why, I went in too.

"On the left near the men were a bar and a few tables. Some fishermen were playing poker and the smoke swirled around them. 'Hey, Murdoch,' one of the fishermen yelled hoarsely, leaning on the bar, 'd'you get a big catch today?'

"'Bigger'n yours,' the old fisherman hollered back. 'I have an idiot son to help me.' He laughed wildly at this and the other man whacked his hand against the bar.

"I hated the old fisherman. His face was ugly, puffy, with a bushy beard. His eyes were cold and piercing. The boy was sitting by the wall all alone. He stared at his father as though the fisherman held power over him. I thought then he was beautiful, or perhaps I felt sorry. He was young, about twelve. His face, sharpened by wind and cold, seemed still untouched. His straight blond hair hung down on his forehead. But his eyes had no smile. He stared at his father and sometimes looked far off in the distance, as though dreaming.

"After a few minutes, I took a small table and ordered some supper. The place was tiny. One waiter, small and humped, served everyone. The waiter chuckled to himself like a child all the time he worked.

"'C'mere, Johnny,' a man called and the little waiter went running over. He didn't speak. He just nodded his head to his order and went off to the bar, chuckling. Mur-

doch bellowed the whole time and his boy never spoke. I didn't stay too long that night.

"It was the same every time I went back to *The Yellow Lantern*. The boy's name was Colin. No one paid attention to him. They told me the old man took him out on the boat and didn't care how much work he gave him. I wondered if he went to school at all, or who his mother had been.

"Every night when I was alone in my room, I saw the boy's face in front of me, always with the same expression. One night I took out my oils and began the painting I have here. I worked on it continually. I memorized every line on the boy's face and tried to put it down on canvas.

"The night before I left, I went down to *The Yellow Lantern* again. Murdoch came in with Colin behind him. I wondered why the boy bothered coming. When the door had swung shut behind them, Murdoch stood in the middle of the room hollering, 'You no good brat! You'd love not going out tomorrow, wouldn't you! Good thing I came up.' He gave the boy a slap over the ear that sent him like a beaten puppy over to the side.

"The men laughed. It was great fun to Murdoch and he made it into a big story for the others. 'Caught the kid telling Smither down on the dock we couldn't take the boat out tomorrow. Supposed to be rain and wind, so the kid decided we couldn't take a load over to the island. Damn good thing I came.' He slapped the table hard, sat down, and called Johnny over to get him a drink.

"I stayed much later that night because it was my last. Murdoch drank all night and was louder than I had ever heard him. When they were closing, he threw down his cards. 'Hey, Johnny, the bill!' he called.

"In a minute the humped waiter came running over. When the others had paid, Murdoch reached down into his pocket for a handful of change. 'Here you go, Johnny.' He took

the money and flung it at the floor. The coins went bouncing around the room. I stared, hating him. The little waiter smiled as he watched the coins, and chuckling, bent to pick them up. Murdoch laughed even louder.

"Colin got up as though this was his cue every night. He gathered the cards from the table, stuffed them in his jacket pocket, and helped his father out into the night. I heard Murdoch's laugh most of the way home, and I heard it again the next day when I was driving back here."

"And this is the painting," I said.

"Yes." She glanced up as though she'd forgotten I were there.

"It's no wonder you want to keep it. That was the last time you saw the boy?"

"No. I saw him once more a few years later. It was odd I was driving up that way again and stayed the night in Winnascotta. I went back to *The Yellow Lantern* too. Some of the same men were there. I asked about Murdoch and they told me he was gone. I was about to leave when a grisly old fisherman caught my hand. 'Took one too many chances with the boat,' he began. 'We told him he was crazy, taking it out in every kind of weather, and with the kid.' The fisherman's eyes narrowed. 'He didn't get farther than the rocks. They found him washed up a few days later. The boat was wrecked.'

"I was stunned. 'The boy was lost too?'

"'No. That was strange. They picked him out of the water. He was clutching hold of Murdoch's coat. Cried for a week afterwards. Couldn't see why he'd want to save the old man.'

"I remember I wasn't sad Murdoch had drowned. I only thought that the boy must have been happy to be free."

"But you saw the boy again?"

"Yes, I did. He came in while I was there. The door

slammed hard behind him. I had to look again to know it was he. His clothes were new and he wore them like a man. And his face and eyes were different. He pulled up a chair and started a poker game with the old fishermen. 'Hey, Johnny,' he called, 'how about a drink?' That was the first time I had heard him talk with any force. I stared at him. The same little waiter brought the drink over. 'Thanks, Johnny,' he grinned. Then he paid for the drink. He reached down into his pocket, pulled out the coins, and flung them on the floor. He threw back his head, laughing hysterically, and kept laughing while the humped waiter, chuckling, bent to pick them up."

For a few minutes the woman didn't speak. She ground out her cigarette slowly. "The painting will never be for sale," she said finally. "I'll put it back in the window."

Heaven-held

O God!
For this have I come?
For sun
Blazed in scorched-white sand,
Flesh half-fed on muddied water,
To burn unreal pictures, demon-fancied,
On my sickened mind?
This cannot!
For thoughts of frolic, evening breeze,
And once-were pools of shaded place?
To be a reed
Shaken?

God, how long
This devil-taunting!
See, he wants my weary body.
A beauty bird, peacock-bright,
His woman-head yearns me, waning,
Worldward
From the desert.
And I, writhing, clutch for
Pebbles—
Not-real pebbles.
Hear my voice-dry
Crying!

Gone—
I, torment-dropped and body-loosed,
Am happy hot-sunned,
Happy chained.
What need for water, woman-head,
In desert-jailing freedom
Locking quiet on the mind.
My only need is heaven-beauty,
Wide horizons, green-blue breeze
Eternally sunseting time.
For this I came.
But come from anything?
Nothing, for this
Reality.

Eileen Kennedy, '60



The Skeptic

Marian McDonnell, '61

“DON'T trouble yerself primpin', Dearie. They ain't takin' ya home this time any more than they took ya home last time they was here.”

“Robert promised to take me home today. He told me to be ready.” Nora's slim hands dropped to the coverlet, weary from pulling the tortoise-shell comb through her long, heavy hair. She averted her eyes from the frumpy, colorless woman slumped in the rocking chair.

“Huh! He'll say that to ya fer a coupla more months. After a while he'll stop mentionin' it altogether. Pretty soon they won't even visit ya. I know.” She rocked listlessly. “All of us knows.”

“You're afraid they will take me home! And they will! Robert didn't take me last time because Anne just had a new baby, and he wanted to give her a chance to get back on her feet.” She shivered and pulled her maroon flannel robe closer about her in the bed. “Why, they didn't want to let me go to a convalescent home, not even when the doctor advised it.”

“Sure, that's right, Dearie. You and yer fine relatives, with their grand clothes and their fancy manners. Why don't ya just get used ta the place? Sooner ya do, the better.”

Nora looked with distaste at the stained black dress and matted hair of her companion. “Robert couldn't let me stay here. I've told him of the things that go on.”

“And he believe's ya, don't he? He says to himself, Auntie's all right. It's the folks what runs the place is crazy.” She maintained her rocking. “You sure got a surprise comin'.”

Arms rested now, Nora began plaiting her hair. White,

grey, brown—white, grey, brown—just like the rug she had braided for Ruth's bedroom. Ruth's bedroom—a nice room. All of her nieces and nephews had nice rooms, nice homes. She looked about her. Lord knows, she had tried to keep her half of the room presentable, so that she wouldn't be ashamed when the children came to visit. All of her things were about her, where she could look at them. Her wine-colored slippers with the violet silk pom-poms were placed neatly beside the bed. On the bureau was a hand-embroidered scarf, and on that, beside the ivory dresser set, was the lacquered jewel box that Larry had brought home to her from Germany.

Mrs. Morris' flat voice intercepted Nora's gaze. "Them fine things ain't gonna matter to ya, after a while."

"I won't be here, after a while. When Robert comes, he's going to pack them for me."

"Yup, that's right. I almost forgot that you ain't gonna be here after today. Well, Dearie," the old woman, grunting, hoisted herself up from the chair, "I gotta go wake up Josie, so's we can go shoppin'." As she scuffed by the bed, she laughed to herself. "But I'll be back ta wave goodbye."

Nora flinched at the sound of Mrs. Morris' laughter traveling down the hall. What if Robert didn't take her home? She couldn't stay in this place, with these people. How long would it be before she, too, began to take imaginary shopping trips? Maybe Mrs. Morris was right. They had all thought once that they were going home. If Robert and Anne had wanted her, they would have taken her last time.

Suddenly Nora's thoughts were scattered. Mrs. Wilton, the administrator, was standing in the doorway. "What's the matter with you now, Nora? Finish cleaning yourself up, if you expect to go home today."

Nora turned toward the wall. "I'm not going home today."

"Oh? All you've harped about since you've come is going

home. How come, all of a sudden, you've decided to stay?"

"You've all been lying to me. You never meant to let me leave at all."

"Stop your sniveling." Mrs. Wilton glanced around the room. "Where's Maggie?"

Nora didn't answer.

"I said, where's Maggie?"

"She went shopping with Josie Pearson."

"Blast that foolish woman." The administrator turned and strode toward the door. "If she's up on the third floor again, I'll lock her in by herself for a week."

For a long while Nora stared out the window at the winter-dark street. By the time Mrs. Wilton returned with Maggie, the afternoon shadows had begun to spread their familiar gloom, casting a chill into every bare corner. Nora paid no attention to the commotion in the corridor. One side of her hair was braided. The comb lay discarded on the floor.

"Get in there, Maggie. So help me, I'll make you sorry for this."

Mrs. Morris shuffled over to her bed, and eased herself onto it, saying nothing. The two women were left alone. Nora sobbed to herself after a while, but Mrs. Morris continued to stare at the shabby wallpaper. The wind rattled the windowpanes.

When Robert flicked the light on, he thought both old ladies were asleep. Gently, he rubbed his aunt's hand. "Aunt Nora? Aunt Nora, I thought you'd be all ready for me. Did you forget you're coming home today?"

Nora, who wasn't asleep, slowly raised herself. "Home? Today, Robert. You really mean it?" Once again she began to cry. "You're not going to leave me here?"

"Leave you here? Hey, what is this?" He sat on the edge

of the bed, and hooked his hat onto a brass knob. "Did you think I'd keep my favorite aunt in this place one day longer than I had to? Come on now. Anne has a turkey dinner waiting for us at home. Here, I'll call Mrs. Wilton to help you get dressed."

"No, Robert. Please. Don't call Mrs. Wilton. Please don't call her. I can manage. You wait right outside the door, and I'll call you as soon as I'm ready."

"Okay, if you're sure. Why don't I pack your things and bring them down to the car? Then, when I come back upstairs, you'll be all set to go."

Nora held fast to his hand. "No, don't leave me up here alone. Stay right outside the door. Promise."

"Your wish is my command, Madame. Anything you say." Reluctantly, Nora released his hand.

Nora was ready and almost everything was packed when Mrs. Wilton came back to the room. "Nora should have been ready for you, Mr. Wright. I'm sorry to say that she was a bad girl today. She didn't want to go home."

"She is quite a girl, isn't she?" Deliberately, he released a loud, long whistle. "Doesn't look a day over fifty."

Mrs. Wilton started to speak, thought better of it, and smiled weakly.

Robert turned to his aunt. "Well, I guess that's it. May I have the honor of escorting you to the limousine?"

Nora smiled radiantly. She glanced over at Mrs. Morris' bed. "I wish she were awake, so that I could say good-bye to her." Softly she called, "Mrs. Morris—Maggie?"

Her nephew took Nora's arm. "Maybe it's just as well this way."

"Yes, perhaps it is."

Very quietly the door closed behind them. Mrs. Morris stared at the ceiling. Then, with great tears rolling down her cheeks, she listened to the footsteps on the stairs.

Broken Images

Theresa Adario, '62



I WAITED outside in the car while she went inside to shop. She was gone over an hour but I didn't mind waiting except for the heat which was everywhere. I watched the faces slowly pass by—some I knew, a few I could talk to, but many I had never seen before and would never see again.

There was a crack too. Across the street at the top of a building was a broken section of wall. Bricks once proud red were greatly discolored, their edges shattered,

no longer clean and even. Though the wall had been broken for years, no one had noticed it. It was a big crack, all alone in the symmetry of the building.

Because the day was very warm, the storekeepers had placed their best fruits and vegetables on low stands on the sidewalk. One owner had placed watermelons and pineapples side by side, cool green against bright yellow. I decided on the watermelon because I was hot.

A woman walking across the street was thin and coarse and drunk. She clawed sweaty hair from the back of her neck only for it to return a moment later. I heard her complain in hard barroom language about the heat. But she

didn't care about the warmth or about the yellowish-gray hair matting around her neck. She was alone in the heat, not even her drinks could remedy that.

I looked up at the broken bricks, to the emptiness of the crack. A pigeon flew toward it and landed on the edge of the hole. Somehow it seemed protected from the snarl of traffic and from the snarl of life.

A boy scout coming by had loosened the red scarf around his neck and tilted his khaki hat back on his head. He stepped carefully over the railroad tracks which crossed through the busiest section of the street. Then he stopped. He looked at the tracks and at the street around him. Quickly he yelled an involuntary "Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling . . . all aboard!" and half swallowed his words in the process. He had seen me witnessing an old man of thirteen journey back to the days of a not-so-far-removed childhood. He left hot, ashamed, and alone.

The broken bricks had seen also. They had witnessed more than I. I could return to them and feel satisfied. The pigeons had disappeared, leaving the bricks alone basking in their strange aura of beauty.

A woman was singing, "You must of been a beautiful baby, you must of been a beautiful" And she had been a beautiful baby because all babies are beautiful even if they are ugly. The woman who was drunk had never been a baby. She had always existed as a hot sweaty creature with long straggly hair sticking to her neck. Her only place to turn, her only solace was a short satisfying drink.

A ragpicker was tossing scraps in a heap on his wagon. While he was looking for rags, his hot dirty horse took a few steps forward and with her went the burden she was pulling. Turning on her with an outburst of screams and curses, the dealer struck the horse hard, not because the horse had moved but because business was bad and because he had had a fight

with his wife and because it was hot. The horse received the heavy blows quietly, but swinging her mane to the side she looked up at the broken bricks.

She had been gone a long while but apologized profusely for having had me sit in the hot car waiting. She rambled on about how the butcher had cut the chops too thin and the steaks too thick, how packaged tomatoes are always rotten on the bottom, how Mrs. Snider's son had the measles for the second time, how the heat was killing her, how I started the car slowly. I wanted to look up, but was afraid the bricks would be gone, afraid the symmetry of the building would not be broken. Yet when I did glance back the hole was the same—a hole as wide as all eternity.

Humanist Solution

Priscilla Neville, '63

IN HIS drama *J.B.*, Archibald MacLeish has attempted to solve the ageless problem of why the innocent should suffer, a problem which has been discussed often in philosophy, in theology, and in literature. To present his interpretation MacLeish has written a modern version of the *Book of Job*. *J.B.*, a prosperous twentieth century businessman, loses his family, his health, and his prosperity. In a Job-like manner he tries to resign himself to his afflictions. Since he is innocent of sin, he asks God, as Job did, for explanation of what appears meaningless suffering.

While retaining the basic theme and development of the Biblical account, MacLeish has made additions, omissions, and changes to span the centuries between the two books. He has added characters such as a chorus of women and

various messengers. His chorus seems to be an attempt to give the play an air of Greek tragedy; the messengers of *J.B.*, the drunkard soldiers and policemen, increase dramatic suspense whereas the Bible states simply "There came a messenger to Job" From his *dramatis personae*, the author has omitted the character Eliu who rebuked Job for having questioned God. A *Life* reviewer has suggested that MacLeish has identified himself with Eliu and is speaking in the background throughout the play.

An interesting disparity between *Job* and *J.B.* is the change in function of the comforters. First, the comforters occupy the greater part of the *Book of Job* while in *J.B.* they are seen only in part of Scene IV. Clearly the reason is that the death of *J.B.*'s son, the murder of his daughter, and the desertion of his wife provoke more emotion and suspense than would discussions between *J.B.* and his comforters. Furthermore, each comforter in *J.B.* has a more definite solution to the problem of evil than have those in *Job*. Bilad suggests "Guilt is a sociological accident"; the approach of Eliphaz is psychological; Zophar expresses Calvinistic doctrine:

Man's heart is evil,
Man's will is evil
Your fault, your sin are heart and will.

These opinions, all current beliefs, are rejected by *J.B.*

The alterations MacLeish has made thus far show his originality and prove *J.B.* is not mere imitation. Yet I think one important divergence from the original account, the author's alteration of ending, changes the Biblical story essentially. In an article which appeared in *Theatre Arts* (April, 1959) MacLeish claims he was fascinated by something not stated in the Biblical version but nevertheless implied. This something is that although Job accepted life again, accepted starting over and facing the same risks and chances even when he was not given explanation for his sufferings, he

affirmed, MacLeish thinks, the human belief in "life in spite of life, the fundamental human love of life and in spite of all the miseries of life." MacLeish sees the *Book of Job* as a human triumph.

In the last scene of his drama, the author disregards the true meaning of the Bible: the inability of man to grasp the reason for God's actions. J.B.'s answer lies in the lines his wife addresses to him upon her return:

I love you
I couldn't help you any more
You wanted justice and there was none
Only love.

J.B. replies:

He does not love
He is.

There follows what seems to be the resolution of the play:

But we do.
That's the wonder.

MacLeish means it is useless to call on divine love. Human love is sufficient.

Few reviewers have grasped the fallacies in the conclusion of the drama. That MacLeish's answer to the question of evil is based on something never before noticed by theologians seems strange. A humanist has discovered something in the Bible that both exegetes and the Catholic Church have never determined. The author completely disregards the Christian concept that miseries of this life are incomparable to infinite joys of eternity. It is important to remember that when *Job* was written, Jews had only a vague conception of Heaven and needed to be shown their afflictions were not without meaning. We in the twentieth century have Christ Who, by His suffering and death, has given us that assurance.

*song from an
Oriental Legend*

O what shall I do
Behind silver lattices,
If great Rajah comes on silver-white steed
Seeking a bride,
Wearing sun on his finger,
Moon's pale pearl in his turban,
And all Himalayan snows,
White at noonday,
For his cloak?
What shall Salim's daughter do
When his steed, striking sparks
Across blue-black night,
Frightens the peacocks
At her father's gate?

There will be night in my eyes,
Twilight under my eyelids,
And I will close the bronze gate of the garden
Where blue doves fly among tamarisks
Making shadows like butterflies.

And Salim's daughter will sit
In purple and yellow sari,
With small feet together,
Like two doves on the marble steps.
She will keep her eyes on her hands,
She will not rise
Unless the great Rajah unwinds his turban—
Like day its flying mists
And leaves his diamond neckpiece,
Leaves his sun-ring;
Unless he comes with dew on his feet,
And wind in his hair,
And five hibiscus blossoms
Red in his hands.

Then I shall rise and walk after him,
Shall no longer remain
Lingering
In my father's garden,
And men will no longer call me
Salim's daughter.

Sister M. Antanina, F.M.M., '61

Question of Leisure

Whenever we begin a new decade we want to remember past achievements and to wonder at those coming. Magazines praise the technological and sociological advances of the Fifties and prophesy more success for the Sixties. One cartoon I saw pictured robots standing at factory assembly lines hurriedly turning out thousands more robots, supposedly to turn out thousands more. Some people are frightened by this mechanization. Yet clearly we are freeing ourselves from toil. If we oppose advance we fear living with ourselves. Progress promises an emancipation: we shall be freed to leisure.

Paradoxically leisure (for which we are striving so vehemently) is now a question. In a recent issue of *The Saturday Review* (January 30, 1960) Louis M. Hacker said that a major problem of the Sixties will be to find a use for leisure. The problem seems sadly comical. Suppose leisure has no use and is not meant to improve anything. Josef Pieper in his book *Leisure: the Basis of Culture* explains leisure as

a receptive attitude of mind; not only the occasion but also the capacity for steeping oneself in the whole of creation.

To think of leisure as negative, as a blank in a world of work, is wrong. Leisure affirms joy; it only indirectly refreshes us for work. Naturally to be leisurely depends on

ourselves. If we value progress for the sake of progress, we shall work until condemned by our own creation.

Perhaps true leisure is based on liberal or free study. We learn philosophy, mathematics, and literature for themselves; their contemplation is our leisure.

I think justifying leisure seems difficult because it is passive. True, training is exacting: to think logically, to grasp formulae, or to analyse poetry forces most of us to work continually. Yet this discipline is all that some think important. Since we work for knowledge, cram for tests, the difficulty is said to make it worthwhile. But values are warped when we measure virtue by effort. Contemplation and appreciation are effortless. If we think they are selfish or wasteful, we are being fascinated again by progress without being fascinated similarly by its aim.

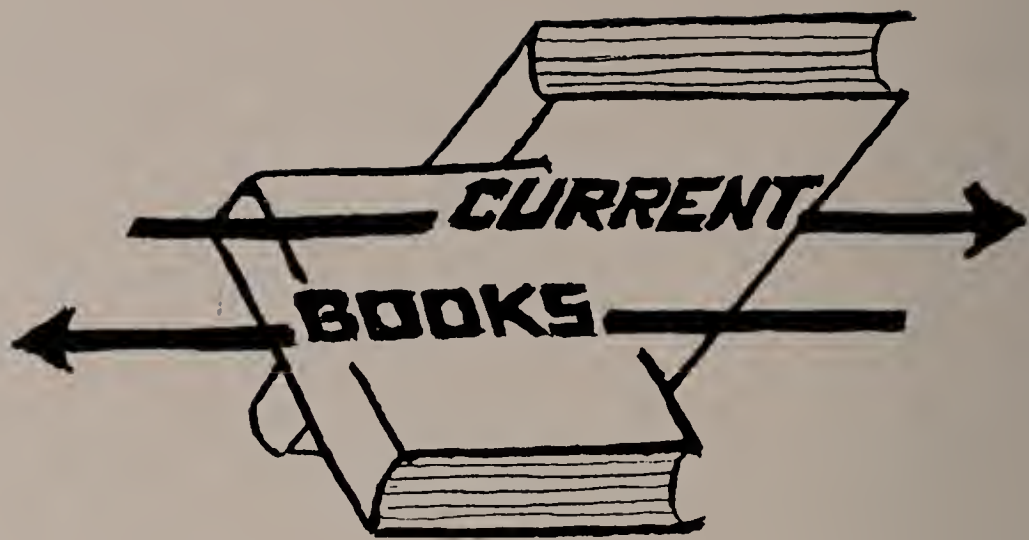
To enjoy beauty is never selfish. We work to know the elusory elements in a good poem, and simply to appreciate the poem justifies our effort. Undoubtedly we may discover truth or add to the beautiful. We can work with our knowledge to create a beautiful work. But the effect of this work, as stated by Leonard Callahan in his book, *A Theory of Aesthetics*, is always

to beget a pure enjoyment in the contemplation of the inner perfection of its ideal.

Knowledge refers to itself and is in fact its main purpose.

The Sixties promise an emancipation; some day we shall be freed from toil. But if we work for leisure, we should realize, accept, and prepare for its benefits. By definition leisure is "not only the occasion but also the capacity."

E. K.



Exodus. Leon Uris. New York: Doubleday and Company, 1958.

"I am the Lord Who will bring you out from the work prisons . . . and will deliver you from bondage." Exodus: 6:6.

Exodus, a best-selling novel by Leon Uris, is written in true epic tradition. A giant among modern novels, it reflects the hope and tenacity of the Jewish race.

Exodus is the story of Kitty Freemont, a dedicated American nurse, and of Ari Ben Canaan, an Israel freedom fighter, who are immeshed in British and German political maneuvers: at the close of World War I Palestine had become the mandate of Great Britain; at this time also thousands of Jews released from bondage in Germany, Poland, and Russia were returning to their homeland. In order to protect her oil interests with the Arabic people, Great Britain refused to allow Jews to enter Palestine. Consequently, friction arose between Jew and Arab, and war ensued.

Ari Ben Cannan, a twentieth century Moses, resolved he would lead God's chosen people to the land "which floweth with milk and honey." A daring mission whereby Ari was able to evacuate three hundred children from a detention camp on Cyprus touched off incidents which led to the

consequent migration of Jewish people to their beloved Palestine. Ari's only dream was of an Israel for the Jews. His request of the British was simply: "Let my people go!"

Through deft handling of flashback, the author tells the background of main characters and the wanton and outrageous transgressions committed against the Jewish people in Germany and Poland. The reader knows the fright of Dov Laudau whose job was to clean dead bodies from the large compartments in which thousands of Jews were liquidated at one time, and he knows the courage of Kitty Freemont who feared the Jewish race, yet found herself enveloped by it through her love for Ari Ben Canaan, the liberator of the Israelites.

In the precise style of an historian, Mr. Uris pictures the persecution and torment of a race that lived only by a hope for freedom. The author stages a panorama of Jewish history, its nightmares of genocide and its dreams of independence. *Exodus* is undoubtedly a compelling novel of the twentieth century.

Sheila Ryan '60

The Joy of Music. Leonard Bernstein. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1959.

In his first book, *The Joy of Music*, Leonard Bernstein takes advantage of an ancient but not outmoded technique: the dialectic. He employs this socratic method in a casual, almost cavalier manner. This careless spontaneity at first appears light and without purpose, especially when one glances through some chapter headings. Titles such as "Bull Sessions in the Rockies," and "Why Don't You Run Upstairs and Write a Nice Gershwin Tune" certainly seem not

to suggest a tract on the essence of good music. Yet these titles are deceiving. Within essays ranging from flippant dialogues to dignified television scripts is a definite and worthwhile purpose: to give to the layman insight into "that terrible bugaboo, musical meaning." As conductor and composer, Leonard Bernstein has already proved effectively his ability to communicate through music. *The Joy of Music* confirms his power to communicate through the written word.

In presenting his theories on music, the author handles logical form well. Within this framework is such variety that the reader does not become mired in syllogistic reasoning. At the beginning of one essay Bernstein seemingly belittles Beethoven, calling his melodies monotonous and his harmonies limited; then in sudden but planned reversal, he goes on to deify the master.

Yet logical structure is not sufficient to support weakness in definition. Bernstein's conception of form, for example, is the inevitability of one note's following another, "the inexplicable ability to know what the next note has to be." Although this statement is true, its subjectivity limits its value as an adequate or final definition, even when directed toward the layman. Though Bernstein does not convey the "what" of music, he succeeds in expressing the "why": an "inner necessity" which compels the artist to communicate through music. This necessity produced not only the classical forms of Bach and Beethoven, but also produces the growing American art form—Jazz.

By describing the rhythms, harmonies, and tonalities of jazz, the author defines it as an American art form. In fact, in all his analyses, Bernstein brings to bear on music only what is pertinent. He turns to primary sources for definitive proof of his evaluations and for a presentation of disciplined art. Original scores of Beethoven and Bach, included in the

essays, prove music a more carefully planned composition and a less spontaneous overflow than some people believe.

The essays, television scripts, and dialogues of *The Joy of Music*, in spite of a somewhat casual style, are not only entertaining but informative. An immediacy of tone and recurrence of principal ideas are unifying forces, integrating isolated essays.

Elinor Bowes, '61

God's Frontier. Jose Luis Martin Descalzo. Translated by Harriet de Onis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf and Company, 1959.

Don Marcario, the dying village priest, defines the frontier of the soul as the "decisive moment in life when a person knows that everything is at stake, when a man stands naked before God; it is a moment of absolute aloneness." At this moment, he states, the soul may surrender to God's will; kill the idea of God; or become indifferent to Him and continue living. The third road, because most comfortable, is most frequently traveled—an apathy far more terrible than either love or hatred for God. *God's Frontier* is the story of different people in quiet arid Torre who follow the three different roads.

The calm passive hero around whom the novel revolves is Renato, a former carnival boy of unknown origin who had been adopted by Don Serafin, the stationmaster. When Renato was young, he had remained apart from the village children; he had played happily by himself, sitting for hours watching an anthill; the word "butterfly" had fascinated him. Now at thirty, still living apart from the village, he realizes he has become an instrument for God's miracles.

Disregarding Renato's plea that God allows miracles only for His own glorification, the villagers demand Renato bring rain to the drought-stricken town. When rain fails to come, their emotions become ragged. The townspeople, driven by dry heat and liquor, hate Renato and in anger bring him to his death.

Throughout the novel Renato is symbolized as a modern Christ: he raises Maria the martyr and the canary of crippled Maria Belen from the dead; he cleanses the altar of the cross by driving away Lucio and Satrapa as they pray insincerely and greedily; and after being tempted by the devil, Renato walks wilfully and happily to a martyr's death.

Because the characters of *God's Frontier* are universal, Spanish names do not restrict the appeal of the novel. Yet literature can lose some original meaning in translation, and at times the English seems somewhat more harsh and coarse than the original Spanish. But the translator has caught the anxiety of the young curate, the sanctity of the crippled girl, and the crudeness of the mayor. The sun beats down as mercilessly in one language as in another.

As the author states in his Preface, his characters are human. Their sins are infidelity, drunkenness, blasphemy; they want God to do their will instead of their complying with His. *God's Frontier* is the simple story of a Christ-figure, of his disciples, of his enemies, and of his victory over the world.

Mary Walsh, '60

The Wanton Boys. Mark Oliver. New York: Doubleday and Company, 1959.

Mark Oliver's *The Wanton Boys* is the story of a young Italian peasant Pasquale Rossano—of his love, his cruelty,

his hunger, and his sin. But more than this, it is an inquiry into social responsibility. Who is responsible for the suffering of the peasant? The village priest blames the "industrialist statesmen in the Capitol." Calzoni, a fiery wealthy Swede, blames the "hypocritical, idolatrous, and unchristian" Church. The tourist-artists blame the "ignorant, idle, brutal creatures," the peasants. The peasants blame labor conditions. "We can never be ourselves until we work," says Pasquale. Truth is had only when each realizes individual responsibility.

Calzoni is first to understand his responsibility. After conducting a study on the peasants, he concludes:

. . . your Church is not wholly at fault. Nor indeed is the State. The blame lies almost entirely on the spineless, unintelligent, indifferent attitude of the people of this country.

Because he has freed himself from apathy, Calzoni tries in vain to spur the priest to action:

To accept the fact of poverty and make little attempt to reduce it is worse than heresy—it is blasphemy! . . . Blasphemy against Christ.

Yet the priest remains adamant, thinking, "The poor are always with us."

Calzoni further condemns the pompous, self-centered poet, Guido, for not assuming his proper role as artist. Guido maintains: "To be artists, we have to be freed from material worldly concerns." He has not the view of English artist Miss Guy:

Artists are committed to worldly problems . . . They are involved, more highly involved than anyone. They can never be creatures apart.

Calzoni no longer has the "virtue" of apathy. The town gives him three days to leave Mettina, and as the story ends,

he and his family, now including the tubercular Pasquale, leave for North Africa.

The reader cannot but see that Mark Oliver's idea of the artist and of his responsibility is that which Miss Guy expressed. He is an artist "committed to worldly problems." He does not remain apart from the problem of the "ruthless twist of economics" which leaves three-fifths of our "world of adventure" hungry. The author handles the problem with compassion, objectivity, and powerful subtlety. *The Wanton Boys* develops the words of Herbert Spencer which introduce the book:

No one can be perfectly free till all are free,
No one can be perfectly moral till all are moral,
No one can be perfectly happy till all are happy.

Catherine Mahon, '61

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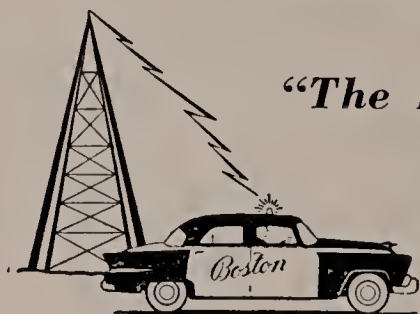
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ETHOS

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1960

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Contents

Editorial

AMERICAN CATHOLIC INTELLECTUAL: STUDENT ROLE	133
-----------------------------------------------------------	-----

Fiction

A DREAM OF SUBSTANCE—Marian McDonnell	138
SUMMER IN DAMARISCOTTA MILLS—Eileen Shea	143
PASADA MANANA—Eileen Kennedy	155
RING AROUND THE MOON—Ellen Kelly	167
MY RED GALOSHES—Joyce Santino	174

Non-Fiction

PAUL TILLICH: EXISTENTIAL THEOLOGIAN— Judith King	148
CRITICAL THEORY OF R. P. BLACKMUR— Mary-Ann DeVita	161
EXPLOSION OF A MYTH—Susan Dewey	176

Poetry

A.D. 1960—Sister M. Antanina, F.M.M.	132
SUNG SOFTLY—Eileen Warren	146
CONSIDERYNGE THY YOWTHE—Marian McDonnell	171
THE DREAMERS—Marian McDonnell	172

Current Books

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE ARTIST and QUESTIONS OF PRECEDENCE—Dorothy Donato	180
ENCOUNTERS—Mary Harrington	182
JAMES JOYCE—Myrna Deveau	183
AFTER NINE HUNDRED YEARS—Helen McMahon	185

A. D. 1960

Woman, in mad crossings
Of shadow and light,
 Not candlelight,
 No, but our strange-world light,
Your eyes are deep
Like dark lakes in the wind;
 Your arms, like willows
 Sing with emptiness,
 Who have just lost
 Or are about to lose
 Your son;
Your clothes are full of our darkness,
 Darkness of death,
And we tore your face
With our shadows.

Woman, who once had a son,
Why do you still stay
In these streets
 And search for his face
 In the crowds?

Sister M. Antanina, F.M.M., '61

American Catholic Intellectualism: Student Role

This editorial concludes a series of articles on the problem of American Catholic intellectualism. The first article reviewed the problem; the second, defining scholar and intellectual, stated that the real incentive for the establishing of an intellectual tradition is love of scholarship and recognition of one's responsibility.

In recent years, graduates of Catholic colleges have been criticized for being apathetic and uninterested in an intellectual life. When we hear such statements we inevitably analyze ourselves. We know that serious students at Emmanuel prepare for courses, read outside material, talk earnestly about ideas. We see around us the good work that follows such interest. We are aware of results of research at colloquia in many major fields. Students are invited to speak at functions outside the college. Since such accomplishments are evident now, it would seem that they would continue throughout life. Yet whenever statistics are gathered on a large scale, it is proved that graduates from Catholic colleges exhibit not at all the promise they show. If we have grasped our role as students, to form an intellectual attitude that endures, why should such work end at commencement?

When an intellectual attitude is alive, we are incited to seek after knowledge and share our discoveries. Realization of our role as mature persons in a search stimulates enthusiasm, and we participate wholly in class. We think through questions. We see our own difficulties or our grasp of class material and evoke discussions to amplify ideas. Moreover, when our attitude is real, our enthusiasm is not spent in

class. We consider problems involving us as students in a school, as citizens of a country, and as world members, our own problems. In this election year enthusiasm and fine planning evolved into a mock election on our campus that proved a mature student attitude. We wonder whether such concern for political issues will remain only within our walls? If our enthusiasm compelled us to participate in such a demonstration, one that was entirely motivated by student interest, why do we not have the same spirit and sense of responsibility for community interests?

In major issues, Catholic students are seldom at the front. Recently Negro and white students have been protesting the segregation problem in the South. Although colleges all over the country have joined with them in protest, Catholic students are notably missing. In an article on this problem, the editor of *America* (April 2, 1960) told his Catholic readers:

Though it hurts a bit to admit it, the men—and women, for that matter—are not stepping forth from a Loyola, Manhattanville, Notre Dame Georgetown, St. Mary's or Fordham. . . . what has happened to a generation of Catholic collegians.

Reasons for our failing are many and complex. Perhaps as Catholics we minimize our responsibility. We know, and it is true, that the supernatural life to which we are all committed as Christians is the highest good. Yet as students, we have assumed freely another real responsibility to an independent intellectual life which we cannot underestimate. Our late Holy Father Pius XII, when he addressed a *Pax Romana* group at their 1950 World Congress, voiced this challenge to all Catholic students:

You must indeed take part, whenever there are conflicts in the world of thought, now that the minds of men are attempting to face the problems of man and nature in the new dimensions in which they will confront us from now on.

But is this our dilemma—that we do not know our responsibility and will improve once it is known? Or is it not more fundamental and not particular to the Catholic? We cannot delude ourselves; an intellectual life is difficult to lead.

Perhaps the aim of a liberal arts college, that we form a speculative attitude, is misconstrued. Certainly this attitude is important and involves the whole of our study. We learn to use our minds as a measure, to analyze problems without prejudice, without glossing over difficulties. In college, while we are being trained, most of our actual work is exercise in forming such an attitude. However, a habit of mind necessarily flows into action and, in the active lives most of us will lead, should show itself in every work. Our intellectual life is not an achievement for the few; it is a responsibility for the many.

Again, our lack of intellectuals may seem a problem of individuals. Most achievement presupposes talent and we do not all hold talent in equal measure. Yet we can realize an individual goal. We can test our capacity now by re-writing papers, coming back to difficult problems, wrestling with the abstract. We can prepare for later life by taking criticism or working without encouragement. An intense training now will make us realize unsuspected powers. Thomas O'Dea, in his book *American Catholic Dilemma*, said concerning our college study:

It is quite true . . . that a naive youth cannot be thrown into the depths of modern secular thought to sink or swim. But he can be taught to swim.

By overemphasizing talent and thinking that the good work evolves without effort, we may be excusing laziness and preventing forever what might have been.

Another reason given for our not being intellectual is lack of time. During college days the demands on our time

are great and the mature student has to weigh and choose to face taxing commitments. To fulfill our potentiality, we will be continually forced to sacrifice, and only a realization of the value of an intellectual life will make it easier and perhaps at some time hardly a sacrifice. Pressures of time will always exist. For things that interest us, we continually make the time we do not have.

And is this not the only incentive—a positive wanting. When we love what we are doing, every obstacle is surmountable. The worth of the intellectual life cannot be measured and weighed. It is as new as our ideas; as old as our nature. It is knowledge—had and shared—that compels us to continue. As soon as we have this love for scholarship, we emerge from our smaller world, realize responsibility, and give of ourselves.

College is our training ground. The more critical our attitude is after four years study, the more certainly will our life exhibit it. We can suggest programs now which may stimulate scholarship. Many of us have participated in a Great Books course and benefited from contact with the minds of faculty members from several departments. Perhaps another type seminar could function with a graduate group or with senior undergraduates. To encourage intellectual work, a group of twelve students could meet with three faculty members interested in literature, history, sociology, or philosophy, and discuss critically a book on a current problem such as segregation, the African question, or the biography of a world figure, to estimate the work in its many aspects. Having read the book, the students of the seminar would come with opinions formed which might be challenged by the faculty members who are specialists. The students, then better informed, would be able to pursue studies which would give them a firmer grasp on the principles. Such a seminar would have worth if we were seri-

ously interested. We cannot shift the problem from ourselves. A class is never a recitation from a teacher, it is a participation by all involved. Yet if such a seminar were begun, it would perhaps awaken us to the responsibility we have assumed willingly, a responsibility based on love, a responsibility that is the idea of a university.

Assuredly we are all committed to an intellectual life. As college students, we are committed to the intellectual activities which are, according to Thomas O'Dea, "the processes involved in the creation, transmission, and conservation of culture. . . ." Our intellectual life, begun in college, will be more extended in graduate life when we will think through pressing problems, submit them to penetrating inquiry, come to their solution, or partial solution, and share with others valuable knowledge. As our capacity for inquiry is greater and our position more influential, the results of our intellectual activities will increase. The articles that *ETHOS* has published can accomplish little by themselves. They can only tell our problem; they cannot solve it because the solution is in ourselves.

—E. K.

A Dream of Substance

Marian McDonnell, '61



LIN TSE-TANG softly set aside his teacup, and rose from his chair. The others, pondering the wisdom of the stories which had been told, allowed their eyes to rise from the heavy amber silence. So it was — an inquisitive dawn could be seen fingering the bamboo slats at the high windows, unfurling crystal streamers across the plum-colored carpet. Bowing solemnly, one at a time the men stood, and vanished into the morning. Always, with the ending of the peaceful hours of night, also ended the visit of the elders. Now they padded home where they would meditate upon the discussions, formulating well-reasoned replies to be offered long after nightfall, when the glitter and the ignorance of the sightseers had gone elsewhere.

Squinting in the sunlight, Lin Tse-Tang crossed slowly onto Tyler Street. His eyes, like two black ravens, pecked and darted from

the crumbled rice parchment of his face. "This is indeed the best of times," the old scholar reflected. "In the early hours it is very like Canton—with only the vegetable deliveries, and the merchants, and the whispering smell of the sea."

Lin Tse-Tang paused to peer at the town bulletin-board, craning his neck, like a withered peach-bough. Standing there, with his sliver of goatee thrust upward, his corded neck exposed above his shiny black jacket of beaten bamboo, he looked, to the passer-by, vulnerable, and inexpressibly lonely.

"Ah! Wu Chong this morning brings his new son to his business establishment, so that he may be admired by the tradesmen." Lin Tse-Tang read the notice, then eased himself from his uncomfortable position.

"A man must have sons," he mused. "Without sons, he is as a twig upon the shore, at the mercy of the great tides." Drawing his head down into his jacket, the elder moved on. He was anxious to sleep, to escape from daylight into the shadows of his own rooms.

Chinatown had yawned open, and the respected old scholar was greeted with deference by each that met him.

"Good morning, Lin Tse-Tang. How is your health?"

"Very well, thank you. And yours?"

"Good morning, Lin Tse-Tang." A portly merchant stopped to greet him. "Is this not a fine morning?"

"Ah, good morning to you, Chiang. You are off to an early start today."

"Yes, I am coming from the shop of Wu Chong, where I was privileged to congratulate him upon his new son. A fine boy." An expression of pain sharpened the parchment of the older man's features. "Wu Chong is most fortunate."

"But not so fortunate as you, Lin Tse-Tang. For your

son is a credit to your example, and a blessing upon your advanced age."

Lin Tse-Tang smiled sadly, "I thank you, Chiang." Chiang moved swiftly along, insulting himself under his breath for his thoughtlessness.

As he resumed his walking, Lin Tse-Tang felt less lonely, as he always did when one of the people showed his love for him by weaving the little story of his son. It did not help to fill the emptiness, but it at least showed that his people deemed him worthy to be the father of a son, and did not regard him as lacking favor in the sight of the gods. His friends tried to shadow for him the harshness of day, and he was very grateful, for shadows brought comfort.

As was his custom, the old man stopped for a moment before the laundry at number twelve Tyler Street. This was a shrine for him, the birthplace of the Chinese Republic. He could remember seeing the seven men who, night after night, fifty-five years ago, worked with Dr. Sun Wen. They met in the cellar, and formulated the principles which were to affect a continent.

"I was but a boy then," he said softly to himself. "I was here while history was being created. These things were vital to our nation, and to every nation in this world." His head drooped, as though over-heavy with all that was stored in it. "I have so much to tell to a son . . . so much that must be kept alive."

Next door to the laundry, Jung Fong was setting out the deep pans which would catch the rich fat drippings from the roasting whole chickens. Lin Tse-Tang nodded, and passed. He hesitated as he approached the importing establishment of Wu Chong. Through the doorway he could see into the dim back room where the new father stood, bent over a small stove, brewing tea for the merchants who had come to offer congratulations. Kwong, owner of one of the few restau-

rants where Lin Tse-Tang, or many of the people of the "town" would go for a meal, was the first to notice the elder.

"Chong, you are honored by the guest at your doorstep." Wu Chong immediately looked up, then hastened to meet Lin Tse-Tang.

"Lin sin saang (Mr. Lin, my elder, one born before me), please enter, and enrich my happiness." The slight, young businessman led his guest through the shop, ornamented with scarlet tapestries and long scrolls elaborate with nightingales and almond blossoms. When they reached the back room, Kwong vacated the large, wicker chair, for the comfort of Lin Tse-Tang.

Five merchants greeted him. And then there was silence. No one would speak until the guest had pronounced a blessing upon the child. The old man made his way over to a small, teakwood cradle, which was sheltered in the corner farthest from the door. Hesitant, as he had been outside the shop, Lin Tse-Tang edged closer and bent down slowly to look upon Chong's son.

He remained with his back to the men for a long space of time. There was no sound. Gently, the hand of the elder drew aside the creamy silken coverlet lovingly embroidered with singing butterflies. From the tiny wrinkled face, dark eyes, like two black ravens, darted knowingly at nothing in particular. The scholar stooped, and lifted the child into his arms. He slid his finger into the small fist and, like petals, the baby-fingers curled around the centuries.

Lin Tse-Tang turned excitedly. "Do you see that? He grasps my hand!" No one smiled. Eagerly, like a small child, he took a step forward. "Do you see it?"

The elder, holding the child tightly against him, went to the small window from which he could see the laundry at number twelve. For a time there was only the sound of tinkling glass chimes, sounded by a distant breeze.

"Lin sin saang," ventured Wu Chong at last, "it would give me great honor if you would allow me to call my son after you. Although he will never be worthy of bearing your name, I know that he will profit by your example, and by your teaching."

The merchants, their faces inscrutable, waited attentively for the reply.

After a time, in a voice gentled by the minutes of a lifetime, the elder spoke. "He will be to me as my own son . . . I shall teach him of his heritage. I shall entrust to him the labors of a lifetime—my translations of the great Chinese poets." The parchment of Lin Tse-Tang's face was unashamedly water-marked. Tenderly, he placed the child back into the cradle, and drew the silk about him.

"I shall shape for him a sound philosophy, and . . ." the old man whispered, ". . . I shall love him."

He bowed to all in the room. "I must be leaving. Weariness comes early to the elders who turn night into day. Peace to each of you, gentlemen, and to your sons."

Wu Chong accompanied him to the door. "I thank you for consenting to my son's use of your name. It is an undeserved privilege."

Lin Tse-Tang avoided the eyes of the young man. He stepped into the vestry, where there were shadows. "It is I who thank you for humoring a foolish old dreamer. Blessings upon you."

Wu Chong bowed, and returned to the merchants.

Lin Tse-Tang stayed for a while in the darkness. Then, with a slight shiver, like the quivering of an aspen leaf, he stepped out into the sunlight. He squinted, and continued on toward home. It was better, somehow, in the shadows.

Summer in Damariscotta Mills

Eileen Shea, '62

EVERY dusty road leading to the sky is a picnic road and mine is part of a wonderful summer spent on my aunt's farm in Maine. Laden with lunch pails, bottles of soda, and a bag of fruit, my brother and I often trudged this path. The dust spat up about our shoes, filtering in through our sneakers and thin socks, and daisies brightened the heavy green hills on either side. At times we stopped to pick some, carried them until they died in our hot fists, then discarded the limp, sticky mass, and picked more.

At the top of the hill was a giant oak, and below it were two or three large flat rocks upon which we spread our lunch. I don't recall the menu, but it must have been peanut butter and marshmallow fluff sandwiches and orange soda.

Not far from the tree was a small pool. In the sunlight, the tiny stones which formed its floor shone red and orange-gold. Moss trimmed the gems, adding an earthy touch. After five minutes or so, my brother, tired of lying on his stomach imagining fairyland as I instructed him, would stir up the pool, clouding it with grey-brown mud. I wanted to cry when he did that.

But there were other impressive experiences that summer. There were the Brays. The Brays were a large, unruly family whose land was separated from ours by a row of tall bushes. Not long after we arrived I saw the family head. I had gone through a little path which squeezed between the bushes to pay my respects, and to look the family over for prospective friends. While I was talking to a girl who happened to be my age, we heard a roar from somewhere near the road. A mo-

ment later I was jerked behind some tomato plants. Naturally I was roused by such rough treatment and pulled away, but my friend's hand held me fast. "It's Pop," she whispered excitedly. We hid there until the old man wobbled past, cursing loudly, while I strained to catch every syllable. I had never heard the likes of his vocabulary and planned to teach some of these words to my brother for future games of house. He never knew what to do when he had to play father.

I never saw Mr. Bray like that again, although I heard him from the safety of my aunt's porch. Yet I was always timid in his presence and in the presence of his children who could ride horses, plant gardens, and who all planned to "quit school after th' eighth grade."

It was in Maine that I grew fond of rain. Before we arrived, my aunt and uncle, firm believers in privacy, had cleaned out the room over the garage for us. The room was long and low with old, but sturdy rafters for a ceiling. We had never seen an unplastered ceiling, and this fascinated us for a long time. There was a large window at either end, but the longer sides were solid wood. We had a table, two chairs, lots of white paper, crayons, coloring books, and a few games. I also had some books from the Children's Room in our home library. Over the garage we were close, close to the rain. It splattered against the roof, sounding as near as when it fell on my red umbrella. The room must have been horribly damp, but we wore heavy dungarees and jersies, and were both so pleased at having a play-room separate from our bedroom that I think we never felt the cold. Here we colored, played checkers, wrestled, and talked.

As the day grew darker and the last hour before dinner arrived, my brother would ask, "Josie, do you wanna go home?" To which I always replied, "Yeah, but it would hurt Ellen's and Gordon's feelings if we told them." Then we

would speculate on what Mom and Pop were having for supper, on what the kids had done all day, and whether our cat Alexander really missed us. Sometimes we cried a little and then tickled each other so we'd be smiling when we went down to dinner.

We had late dinners in Maine, and got ready for bed while El did the dishes. When she had finished she came upstairs with a copy of *Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox* tucked under her arm. El had a deep clear voice, and each word issued forth, somehow honied and beautiful. Often I forgot the story and listened to her voice which I thought was as nice as that "Shevon" lady's record. I could never understand why El didn't make a record reading *Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox*.

On the night she read to us for the last time, neither of us heard a word. We were each trying to line up the things we had to tell Mom and Pop when they would come to get us. When they arrived and we had assured ourselves that our parents were still alive (in books only orphans go to a farm for the summer), we weren't too eager to leave. As our car pulled out from the driveway my brother was saying. "Boy, Mom, I wish you'd learn to wash dungarees like El does. El didn't iron my dungarees once all summer and they weren't half so stiff and scratchy as when you do them."

Sung Softly

I

Words sound only,
Sing softly
... almost silently
Themselves to sleep.

And I am a child
Of Christmastime
Enticed by
Spruce trees' tinkle
Into a nomans land
Where laughter mocks in
Shiny syllables
This nightmare world of
 near delight in
 almost said —
This monumental foolishness.

II

No mere metaphysical dream:
Nothing is
Until set down
Expressed
I mean emancipated.

Joy is a wind blown bubble
To be caught quivering and
Footnoted
 Carefully.

Hand-cupped silence
Must be breathed upon
And made to speak.

And oh! See:
Lasso cloud's tilted edge.
Pull it closer (quickly).
Mold it firmly into a
Fine, proportionate
Word.

III

The quiet of the skies
Wind-sifted down
And lay at my feet.
I took it up softly
And wear it now
For a cloak around my shoulders
To save me from
The nightmare land.

Peace I hear
Riding on winds of
Thunder,
And need not speak.
Forever I see the shadow of night
The same.
No longer cast
Pebbles of words, futile,
Into the dark of its calm.

For I am stilled.

Eileen Warren, '60

Paul Tillich: Existential Theologian

Judith King, '60

SINCE he came to the United States in 1933, German-born Paul Tillich, a Harvard theologian, has influenced contemporary American thought on many levels. His three-volume *Systematic Theology* is his Summa, comparable in scope, although perhaps not in content, to that of Thomas Aquinas. Because these volumes are comprehensive and detailed, they are works to be studied, not simply to be read. Such books by Tillich as *Dynamics of Faith* and *The Courage to Be*, each dealing with a single problem, are his contributions to "popular theology" and widely influence educated and thoughtful laymen. Finally the recent *Time* cover story (March 16, 1959) summarized his theology for the average reader.

Tillich's theology is basically an existential Christianity. That it is existential is obvious. He liberates modern man from his existential predicament by reducing Christianity to a series of symbols for the ultimate concern. It is as Christian theology that his thought is difficult to define.

The noted commentator Will Herberg says that the thought of Paul Tillich parallels and at times very closely approximates "the strain of ontological mysticism in German Lutheranism." Certainly Tillich tends toward the metaphysical and the mystical. But he transcends Lutheranism and presents a personal theology which very nearly encompasses the entirety of Protestant Christianity. Tillich has been associated with the neo-orthodoxy of Karl Barth, but is also

sympathetic toward the diametrically opposed Liberal Christianity of Friedrich Schleiermacher. The Jesuit theologian, Father Gustave Weigel, his chief Catholic critic, points out that in influence also, Tillich spans contemporary Protestantism "from extreme Left to extreme Right." Perhaps we can understand better the essentials of Tillich's thought by examining his concepts of man, faith, and God.

Man, Tillich says, is estranged. Because sin has alienated him from God, he experiences anxiety and non-being. In *The Courage to Be* Tillich explains man's anxiety as "the awareness of one's finitude as finitude." This, he says, is natural to man in his human situation. Man is threatened by finitude, by his non-being. He must accept his non-being and take it upon himself in an act of self-affirmation. In every decision man experiences this self-determination.

Thus far Tillich's thought is typically existential. The Existentialist says that man makes his human nature by his acting. And man must act even though, as Martin Heidegger, the foremost contemporary German Existentialist, says, man's acts and even his existence are guilty. Yet Tillich bridges their thought. His reasoning does not end in conflict, but gives man a solution to his predicament. Man, Tillich says, must affirm his rational human nature through the "courage to be," despite everything in him "that conflicts with its union with the rational nature of being-itself." For Tillich, "being-itself" is God; the "courage to be" is the key to Him. Since man's moral conscience realizes his guilt, man must transcend his moral conscience by accepting sin and guilt as such and by relying on faith.

What then is faith? In his *Dynamics of Faith* Tillich defines faith as "the state of being ultimately concerned." But more than this, faith is a paradoxical certainty by which man accepts God's acceptance of him. Tillich explains in his *Courage to Be*:

Being-itself transcends every finite being infinitely; God in the divine-human encounter transcends man unconditionally. Faith bridges this infinite gap by accepting the fact that in spite of it the power of being is present, that he who is separated is accepted. Faith accepts 'in spite of'; and out of the 'in spite of' of faith the 'in spite of' of courage is born. Faith is not a theoretical affirmation of something uncertain, it is the existential acceptance of something transcending ordinary experience.

Tillich's faith is decidedly not an act of the intellect. Faith is not supernatural, nor motivated by God's Word, nor necessarily connected with revealed truth. Rather, as Tillich says in the *Dynamics*, faith is a "total act of acceptance and surrender." Principally volitional, it is "an act of the total personality . . . the most centered act of the human mind."

Moreover, Tillich postulates that doubt and uncertainty are always present as necessary elements in faith as ultimate concern. They confirm faith. Man is never certain of the ultimacy of his ultimate concern. In doubt man recognizes "the element of insecurity in every existential truth," and "the doubt which is implied in faith accepts this insecurity and takes it into itself in an act of courage. Faith includes courage. Therefore it can include the doubt about itself." Tillich says further that courage, far from denying or repressing doubt, "takes the doubt into itself as an expression of its own finitude and affirms the content of an ultimate concern."

Because man desires union with being-itself, Tillich has given man the key to this union: the courage to be. Man must surrender himself to the ultimate concern. He must participate in the self-affirmation of being-itself by his own rational self-affirmation.

We have seen that Tillich bases his theology on an existential concept of man. Since this existential emphasis affects his theology at its root, he has made faith existential by in-

cluding as its root corollaries, an existential doubt and an existential courage. We may wonder whether God also is radically affected by this existential emphasis.

There is reason to question whether Tillich believes in God at all. Certainly Tillich does not intend atheism, but by being so intent on making God conform to his pattern, he loses sight of what God is.

Tillich's God is "being-itself" and the "ground of being." God is not *a* being. God does not exist. God by his nature is "above existence." Consequently Tillich asserts in *Systematic Theology I*: "It is as atheistic to affirm the existence of God as it is to deny it. God is being-itself, not *a* being."

It is precisely because he posits God as not *a* being that Tillich rejects the five Thomistic proofs for the existence of God. In the statement, "What is reached by your highest intellectual reasoning is only the question of God, but it is not God," Tillich evidences a typical existential distrust of reason. God, Tillich feels, cannot be objectified in anything finite. But while it is true that a human idea cannot define God (what is reached by our reasoning is relation to God, not God *per se*), I think that Tillich proceeds too quickly to the extreme decision that a human idea can have no value except as a symbol. Howard Hunter, in an article on Tillich published in the *Crane Review*, comments:

It appears that Tillich is involved in difficulties regarding the description of knowledge, difficulties stemming partly from his somewhat arbitrary and abstract division of reason into mutually independent structures and partly from the understandable desire to do justice to what he considers to be man's essential and his existential experiences.

By positing God as the "ground of being" Tillich may appear to some as pantheistic. Yet Father Weigel maintains that this is not so: "Tillich's God is neither personal nor impersonal—which are always references to finite categories

—but superpersonal.” Tillich indeed is not a pantheist. His God, which is in everything as the ground of being, none the less is infinite and as such transcends every finite being.

Tillich’s God is an admixture of being and non-being. Tillich himself reiterates this idea:

Nonbeing (that in God which makes his self-affirmation dynamic) opens up the divine self-seclusion and reveals him as power and love. Nonbeing makes God a living God.

Because Tillich explains God as such an admixture, he denies the Thomistic view of God as pure act. He states:

Pure actuality, that is, actuality free from any element of potentiality, is a fixed result; it is not alive. Life includes the separation of potentiality and actuality. The nature of life is actualization, not actuality. The God who is *actus purus* is not the living God.

Although Tillich denies God existence, he seems determined to give Him life, even at the expense of making God imperfect (although he himself does not admit this). Tillich’s basic problem throughout his writings on God is his nominalism, a fault characteristic of the existentialists. Tillich is unable to see that such terms as *existence*, *being*, *act*, and *life* are applied to God in an analogous, not in a univocal sense.

The nature of the life which Tillich gives God is not what we should expect ordinarily. God does not have a divine life of perfect immanence because He does not have a divine existence or a divine personality. God’s life is to participate in the world as its ground of being. According to Tillich, “God is not God without universal participation.” If we draw the logical conclusion, God, who has no existence out of that connected with the world, is therefore as much determined by as He is determining the world. God is reduced to subordinate status. Yet as we have seen, Tillich draws an opposite conclusion.

Tillich does not stop here. He further un-deifies God in the name of truth and ultimacy. There is nothing we can say about being-itself except in symbols, he asserts. The word *God* is a symbol. Biblical literalism is idolatrous. Life as applied to God is symbolic, because God does not live except "as He is the ground of life." And God is not a Trinity except symbolically, Tillich states. All these concepts of God must be symbols, he concludes, because they are at best finite concepts applied to what is infinite.

What has Tillich left after his un-deification of God in the name of ultimacy? He has something of a paradox—a God who is the ultimate concern of the existent man, yet a God who has no *per se* existence. Writing on "Doubt as a Corollary to Faith," *The Nation* (September 5, 1959), Gabriel Vahanian maintains that Tillich's concept of God beyond our conceptions of God implies the irrelevance of any old-fashioned ideas about the nature of God, and makes room for doubt as a constructive corollary to faith." Vahanian is accepting too much of Tillich without question, however. Tillich's God is not really "beyond our conceptions of God," for in attempting to make Him ultimate, Tillich has denied Him the very things which would assure His ultimacy. The "He who is" becomes in Tillich "He Who is not."

Margorie Grene, a contemporary commentator on Existentialism, has observed: "Especially in his recent publications, Tillich has shown how existentialism can issue in a living Christian philosophy. He has truly expressed the existential sense of dread and nothingness but has truly transformed it in the light of worship." But Tillich's God is not the God of Christianity. He is not the Creator and Ruler, "the utterly sufficient All," as lay theologian Frank Sheed says in *Theology and Sanity*. Tillich's God is Tillich's creation. Because he moves away from Christianity at its source, Tillich is a better Existentialist than Christian theologian.



Pasada Manana

Eileen Kennedy, '60

“**S**ENORITA COSTA! Senorita Costa!”

I turned around, shading my eyes from the sun. Down the street Marguerita was climbing from her father's jeep pulled up in front of the hospital. He reached down to kiss her good-bye and ended touching her cheek as she ran helter-skelter toward me.

“See. You're taking her away from me already,” Carlos yelled after her. He stretched out his hands as if saying it were futile to protest.

I laughed and waved. “That would be impossible.” Marguerita was up to me and flung her arms around my waist. I watched her father take his bag from the back of the jeep and disappear inside their gray stucco hospital.

“My, you seem happy,” I said, glancing down at the child. She was standing on the earthen street, holding her books and lunch pail. I looked at her face, browned from the sun, and at her skin pulled sharply over strong bones, and at her black laughing eyes.

“Today I'd want to have no school. Today I'd want a holiday at the Rio.”

“I think we'd all like that, Marguerita, if it were possible.” Then I bent to smooth her wrinkled red pinafore.

Marguerita's sturdy body was alive as we walked up the street toward our school. She slowed her step to mine, and sometimes sprang ahead, turned about and talked, walking backward. “Don't you love the morning, Senorita, when the sun pops out so strong. You'd never know, back at our house, that it poured like the devil last night. Every morn-

ing, our house is dry as bones. But I can tell. All the way to school when I see the red and orange hibiscus, I tell father the world's got a washed-clean look."

"You're right, Marguerita. You haven't been to a city yet. But you won't find the same feeling. Your town has a magic of its own. I've never known a magic quite like it."

"Father says you have a magic too, Senorita. He's happy, father is. He says that what I've needed all along is a woman's hand. He says I'm too much for him alone. I never went to school to old Senor Rivera." Her face was impish as she looked up to see if I was surprised. "Then I'd go down to the Rio all day. Just staying there by the water."

In a minute we had reached our school that was like a small white box. When I first saw it, its ugly wood had made me want to go home. Now, after a year, it was painted and shining and I did not know how to tell them I was leaving. The scrubbed children and their proud parents had a way of fastening onto my heart—the children that were darting in now, yelling to each other and banging rulers on their wooden desks. They looked like school children everywhere, yet I knew they were different.

Today I had to tell them that they would have a new teacher in a few weeks. There could be no explanation and they would think it was because they had displeased me. How could they understand my family who imagined they were peasants and a man who thought I had done enough charity work. How could they understand when I was not sure I did myself? I rang the bell and like docile browned angels they stood at attention. Their faces in rows smiled up at me. I would tell them tomorrow.

Noontime was hot in Estremala. The sun lashed flames on the ground and all business stopped. The children left at twelve to have lunch and escape the heat. In a few hours they would be back and then we would have the afternoon

session. Later the rains would come and after that the black night would be cool.

But I was not going back to my house this noon, back to the casa the people had built for my coming. I took out the letter slowly and unfolded it on my desk. Each word stood out from the page—‘You were foolish to go in the first place and you are making us all look more the fools the longer you stay. Six months, Elena, we had agreed. You must feel some responsibility to your parents and to me . . .’. Responsibility. Poor Leon. Giving me all the correct reasons and not mentioning himself till last. I knew they were making it difficult for him at home. And he was right. I owed it to him to go home. But what did I owe myself

I had just folded the letter again when the back door opened and Carlos stood in the frame, his hands in the pockets of his white trousers. “You startled me,” I said getting up. “Why aren’t you home?”

“Marguerita will be all right without me. She’ll think I am caught at the hospital. I looked for you at your house. When you weren’t there, I came back.” He said nothing for a minute and was fumbling for words. “Juan Salvo was in to see me this morning.”

“Then you know I’m leaving.” Juan Salvo was responsible for the school and it was he I had told that I was going.

“But why, Elena? Is it something I’ve done? Or the people?” Carlos’ dark eyes were concerned and he ran a hand through his graying hair. He had told me he’d gone to the States to study medicine when he was younger, but had returned to Estremala. He loved the town and his people.

“No. Don’t think that. You’ve been too good. You make it difficult for me to leave.”

“Then, why?” He came down an aisle and sat atop the first desk. “I’d grown accustomed to your being here. Even

Marguerita. She never knew her mother. She's different since you've come."

"I know."

"But you don't. She never listened to me. She used to go off, God knows where, all day. You changed her."

"That isn't why I'm leaving, Carlos. Here," I said, handing him the letter. I waited while he glanced down the page.

"Then that's it. I should have known you had commitments. You never mentioned him."

"No. I didn't. I guess I didn't want to," I added slowly.

"Have you told the children?"

"I tried to, but I couldn't somehow. I will this afternoon."

He got up slowly from the desk. "You'll be staying a while, I hope?"

"I'm not leaving tomorrow," I laughed. And he was gone.

At two o'clock the children were back. Juanita brought a colored picture to show me and I told her it was good. She blushed quietly at the praise. Manuel ran into the room shouting that he hadn't seen me pass his house coming back. I explained that I stayed at the school and his child's temper flared. I should have told him, he said. He was almost late, waiting. I laughed and quieted them down to begin the lessons. English, then figures, then music. All afternoon I tried to tell them I would be leaving. But each time I faltered until finally I satisfied myself that I could tell them tomorrow. It was foolish to be sentimental. The children left when the late afternoon was beginning to cloud and Marguerita walked with me as far as the hospital. I told her to say hello to her father for me, and went on toward my house.

I was only home an hour when a loud crash brought the rains and within minutes I could not see out a window. I had lit the gas stove to start supper, when there was a loud banging from outside. I pulled back the doors and Carlos was there. His blue slicker flapped around him. Rain blew into

face and was pelting from the oil-skin coat. "Marguerita," he shouted against the rain, "is she here?"

"For God's sake, come in. You'll be drowned out there." I opened the door an inch and the wind blew spray into the room. Carlos stepped inside and I leaned against the door, pushing out the night. It was quiet suddenly.

"Is she with you?"

Then I realized what he had been yelling. "She's not out in this. Where could she have gone? But she knows the rains. She wouldn't go outside."

He fell exhausted into a wicker chair, his shoulders slumped. "She's gone. I asked her if she were sorry you were leaving. I thought you'd told them. I'd never have been so blunt." His face lost all expression. "She's gone all right. And the hellish thing about it is that I don't know where."

"Carlos," I thought suddenly, "I know where she is."

"You know?"

"She told me she used to go down to the Rio. She'd go there when she didn't want to go to school."

"¡Dios Mio! The waters swell down there in the rains." He'd no sooner spoken than he was on his way to the door.

"Wait. I'll come with you. It's my fault." I stopped suddenly. "Carlos, she wouldn't . . . How upset was she?"

Mud sloshed up over the wheels of the jeep. "We'll have to pave this road next spring," Carlos said, grinding the gas pedal into the floor of the car. It leaped forward. Four or five men followed on foot. I recognized Juanita's father among them, and Edmundo, the baker. The men huddled together, cursing the rains, although not one of them would have stayed home.

A few hundred yards from the Rio we parked the car and made our way through the thick trees that surrounded the waters. The rain could not come so strongly between the trees and only the wind muffled our voices.

"We'll go alone from here," Carlos yelled. "If anyone should find her, give three hollahs." The men smiled bravely, reassuring Carlos, then went off separately. "You come with me." Carlos took my hand tightly and we began searching. He didn't speak; he shouted for Marguerita every few minutes and his echo answered him. The night made it hard for us to look and at times when Carlos thought he saw something, he ran ahead. I prayed fervently, but he returned alone. We came to the trees immediately beside the Rio, but neither of us looked at the rains swelling the waters and breaking it against the banks. Our shoes sank into the muddy ground and I was tired suddenly.

"It's useless, isn't it, Elena? We won't find her."

Carlos' voice was raised and he wanted me to answer. "We'll find her. She's fallen asleep." But I was not convinced.

Carlos leaned against a tree out of the rain and closed his eyes. "She used to be so happy when you came to visit. If you weren't coming just for school business. And I was sorry when you had gone. The house would be so empty without you." His voice trailed off and it was as if words were coming in spite of himself. "Not even a child can fill a house. My God, to lose you both . . ."

"But I don't want to go." It surprised me—what I was saying. In a rush, I realized it wasn't the letter or Leon, or anything that kept me from telling the children, but Carlos. And I wanted to stay—if he wanted me.

"I'm speaking foolishly, Elena. Your young man is not so old as I, with no young child and no responsibilities. . . ."

Then we heard a cry and both turned in its direction. Carlos was faster than I and ran ahead. I followed quickly against the wind. I wanted to be near him and I had so much to tell him—that I would be with him tomorrow—and after tomorrow. I imagined suddenly that I saw a red pinafore and the crying was louder.

Critical Theory of R. P. Blackmur

Mary-Ann DeVita, '60

Miss DeVita's article is a summary of a paper given in her colloquium in literary criticism. It is representative of individual work done by students majoring in English in evaluating the literary theory and practice of modern critics.

WHEN one first reads Mr. Blackmur's critical essays, he may find it difficult to appreciate or even apprehend Blackmur's critical approach. Only by carefully reading many of his essays will one see Blackmur's theory and appreciate its consistency.

First of all, he will discover that because Blackmur is both a creative writer and a literary critic, he looks at literature from two directions: as a writer performing the creative act and as a critic exercising critical judgment.

Mr. Blackmur describes the creative act within his literary theory. From his writings one can draw out his meaning of imaginative literature as the near-actualization of the ideal. Literature is concrete, individual, "an actual experience of something fresh, or as we say, a deepened or widened version of the familiar." (*The Lion and the Honeycomb*, p. 214.)

The material of this actualization is language, and Mr. Blackmur believes that the dependability of literature as an expression of the ideal is based directly on the meaning which underlies the words of language. To objectify this meaning, Blackmur pleads for a received or standard lan-

guage. He carries on his own small crusade for concretizing meaning by resorting to the dictionary as his right-hand guide through the obscurities of modern poetry.

Although Blackmur pleads for objectivity in language, he understands the difficulties involved. In his essay, "Language of Silence," included in a symposium on language in the *Science of Culture Series*, he defines language as a translation of the silence within us which tries to speak. What we say is never exactly what we think, but simply the language of silence breaking into words. Blackmur again states this theory in an essay on T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*:

Nobody can tell honestly what is lost of the real when it gets into the actual. Meaning withers and is replaced by—either a fresh bloom, or a straw-flower from an older harvest. . . .

But underlying meaning is not lost. An artist must bring meaning to be by the words he chooses:

. . . To the individual artist the use of words is an adventure in discovery; the imagination is heuristic among the words it manipulates. The reality you labor desperately or luckily to put into your words . . . you will actually have found there, deeply ready and innately formed to give objective being and specific idiom to what you knew and did not know that you knew. (*The Expense of Greatness*, pp. 157-8.)

This is Blackmur's doctrine of meaning: the poet discovers the meaning inherent in language and tries to bring it to life in order to make actual the ideal which exists in his mind.

Blackmur's notion of meaning can be seen in his criticism of E. E. Cummings' language. Blackmur asserts that Cummings' constant repetition of certain words, used neither concretely nor abstractly, causes these words to lose all their history, quality, and meaning, and to become ideas of the poet not rising out of the accepted meaning of the words.

Blackmur thinks that a poet should not master his words but should submit himself entirely to them. When words become the invention of the poet, as in E. E. Cummings' case, "the mystery flies in the face, is on the surface, because there is no inside, no realm of possibility, of essence." (*Language as Gesture*, p. 330.) Blackmur finds an opposite use of words by Wallace Stevens. He says:

. . . the ambiguity of Cummings is that of the absence of known content. . . . Mr. Stevens' ambiguity is that of a substance so dense with being, that it resists paraphrase and can be truly perceived only in the form of words in which it was given. (*Ibid.*, p. 122).

Mr. Blackmur outlines four techniques in writing to explain how the artist tries to actualize the ideal to create literature. The first, the superficial technique, which gives the skeletal structure to literature, includes meter and plot; the second, linguistic technique, deals with the medium of language: images, tropes, idiom, and verbal play, each of which Blackmur describes in detail; the third, the ulterior technique of the imagination, is the actualizing force which gathers the disordered fragments of actual experience into the ordered totality of the work; and the fourth, the symbolic imagination, creates or discovers symbols which are the sources and the reminders of meaning. These four techniques order literature or, as Blackmur would say, discover order inherent in the matter and make it explicit.

Because Blackmur wants objectivity and order in poetry, he deplores the "fallacy of expressive form." He defines this fallacy, in *Language as Gesture*, as "the fiat mode of expression which asserts that the need is equivalent to the object, that if you need words to mean something then they will necessarily mean it." Literature, he thinks, cannot be this subjective expression, but must be objective.

Blackmur can sympathize with modern writers, however,

who have difficulty reaching an objective experience because they lack a common frame of reference with their readers. He attributes this to a breakdown in tradition: where a medieval Dante had an existing tradition to use as an understandable frame, the modern writer has no such common tradition with his audience in religion, psychology, or any organized system. Blackmur illustrates this lack of common background in the writings of Yeats who manufactured his own myth for a frame work. Blackmur argues that, by building on magic, Yeats lacked authority to substantiate his poetry and only succeeded in his work by heightening the emotional reality of the poem to "extend its reference to what we call the real world." (*Language as Gesture*, p. 103.)

This discussion of the need for a common background introduces the problem of belief: must the audience share the belief which the poet uses as a frame of reference in order to appreciate his poetry? Blackmur rightly concludes that since the poet shares no common tradition with his audience, he must so actualize his ideals and his emotions in the poem that although the poem is supported by the frame, it exists separately from it. Thus, although the reader may appreciate the poem more fully if he comes to it with the same background as the poet, he can still appreciate the felt experience which should exist independently in the poem.

Blackmur notes that another problem facing the modern American writer is an inadequate inheritance. The evolution of mass education has spawned a new illiteracy. More people know how to read but fewer can do it well or with discernment. While the number of professional artists grows, their audience becomes smaller and less appreciative.

Just as the age affects the creative process, the creative process exerts an influence on the age. Blackmur asserts that a writer can influence society, but he insists that this influ-

ence comes only through an honest representation of the actual, for the writer must

. . . be honest in distinguishing the actual—failing to separate what can be felt from the mere willful imperative of what ought to be felt, and never using an imperative at all except in a subordinate position outside the focal interest. (*Ibid.*, p. 412.)

The artist, therefore, must present the actual as it is, not as he feels it ought to be.

This, then, is Blackmur's notion of literature: the near-actualization of the ideal created by the artist in the act of writing, out of the material of language. His critical theory stems from the same concepts. Where the creative act culminates in the work, however, the critical act begins with the work, that is, with the "common ground" which exists outside the poet and reader.

Blackmur begins his criticism by analysing the formal aspects of literature, such as meter, rhyme, pattern, and punctuation, and the techniques of the ulterior and symbolic imaginations. Yet this technical analysis is only the preliminary act of criticism. For, as Blackmur asserts, "Besides analysis, elucidation, and comparison . . . criticism in our time must also come to judgment." (*Lectures in Criticism*, p. 199.) Criticism consists in directing all attention to the technical devices in literature and

. . . in submitting, at least provisionally to whatever authority your attention brings to light in the words. . . . Whether your submission is permanent or must be withdrawn will be determined by the judgment of all the standards and all the interests you can bring to bear." (*Critiques and Essays in Criticism*, p. 417.)

Blackmur's critical theory is based on direct contact with the work. Opposed to his theory are those of other critics who criticize literature with an ulterior motive which stems

from a concern with religion, psychology, history, sociology, or such. These men approach literature for other than literary value. Blackmur acknowledges that there is a sense in which literature illustrates the history of ideas or the patterns of life. If one looks at literature in either of these ways, then he can use literature as would a historian or philosopher but, his admonition is, "you must not think that thereby you have touched the content of literature itself, or criticized it. . . ." (*The Lion and the Honeycomb*)

Blackmur's approach is to attack the work directly through a technical analysis; yet he would say that this approach is not necessarily the only valid one. He feels that the notion that is disastrous to a critic is the conviction that his approach is the one and only approach. Although this flexibility of mind which Blackmur constantly exercises is one of his greatest values, it also causes his greatest obscurity. It is this open-mindedness carried to extreme that makes reading Blackmur's critical essays so difficult. He is so unwilling to commit himself dogmatically to his one approach, that he goes to the opposite extreme which results in his couching his very definite approach in very indefinite terms. Another cause of his obscurity is his overuse of metaphorical language. Such language is suitable for poetic or imaginative discourse but has little or no place in formal criticism where the problem is to elucidate and judge, not to entertain. Many times Blackmur succumbs to what he himself would call "criticism for criticism's sake" where he forgets the purpose of criticism, that is, to analyse and describe, so that both reader and critic may come to a judgment.

But when—if we take the trouble—we cut away Blackmur's doubt and his imaginative language to see the meaning which underlies his indefinite terminology, we can see in his work an orderly and workable approach to literary criticism.

Ring Around the Moon

Ellen Kelly, '60

“THERE’S a ring around the moon.”

William Jones said this into the heat that hung around the back porch like a cloud. He said it to Timothy Dacy, and Timothy Dacy, who was only six, asked back, “What does that mean?”

“Any dummy knows that a ring around the moon means rain.” William waved his hands like Timothy’s father did when he asked him a question and because Timothy didn’t like anyone to act like his father, he was mad. “I didn’t know it and I’m not a dummy.”

“Well,” William waved his hands again, “you’re maybe not a dummy, but you’re a baby and that’s just as bad.”

“I’m not a baby.” Tears came to Timothy’s eyes. He started picking leaves off his mother’s geranium on the back porch railing.

Big ugly William put his hands behind his head and said, “Oh, I don’t know about that.”

Timothy ran into the back yard and the heat lapped around him. Tears ran down his cheeks. He fell face downward on the ground and sobbed into the grass, “I’m six years old and I’m not a baby.” Then he looked straight at William’s feet that had followed him from the porch.

The feet said to him, “Big boys don’t cry.”

Timothy sniffed and said, “They can if they want to.”

“I’m eleven and I say they don’t,” the feet told him meanly.

Timothy rolled over on his back and looked up into the feet’s upside-down face. All the bad words he knew or had

heard went through his head and he selected, decided, and finally said slowly and deliberately,

"Goddam you, William."

Timothy saw that his word had a beautiful big-boy result, so he kept saying louder and louder, "Goddam you, William. Goddam you, William."

William's eyes grew large but Timothy went right ahead, not thinking of fathers or open windows or ears or anything like that. . . .

"Goddam you, William."

Mr. Dacy opened the back screen door and listened to the odious words coming from the back yard. He closed the door and strode across the lawn. Mr. Dacy took Timothy by the collar and pushed him into the house. He pushed him past the astonished William, past his dog, and his sister, and his mother, right through the kitchen up to his room. Mr. Dacy plunked him in the middle of the floor and glared down at him, "Take off your clothes and go to bed."

Timothy looked at the floor as he took off his dungarees because his father was staring at him.

"Tomorrow you will not go with Mrs. Jones and William. Do you understand?"

Timothy nodded and thought, I'm glad anyway because I don't want to go anywhere with that old William. I'm not a baby.

"Did you hear me, Timothy?"

Timothy thought of something big and great to say, but he knew that for him to say it would be like walking on the pond ice in March . . . But he said it anyway.

"I don't care."

Wild delirium at his own power made his head whirl and he went on. "It's going to rain anyway."

Timothy's father pulled back his great hand and landed him a broad blow across the shoulders. Timothy tried

desperately not to cry. His father picked him up and set him firmly in the center of the bed. His eyes narrowed, "Stop crying. Only babies cry." Then he turned and slammed the door behind him as he went out.

Timothy sat and stared at the blurred door, the blurred wallpaper, and the blurred face of his teddy bear. "I'm not a baby," he whispered to the empty room. He got down from the bed and went to the window. Below him he could hear the sounds of his house. In the living room the television was shooting at his sister. He could hear the running-water sounds of the kitchen and the muffled conversation of his parents. He knew his mother was telling his father that he was just a baby yet and he knew that his father was telling his mother that he was old enough to know better.

Timothy leaned his elbows on the sill and knew that his mother was wrong and that his father was right. The only thing he didn't know was just what it was that he was supposed to know better.

Far beyond the back yard fence, a white light was riding across the night and making thunder noises against the sky. "William was right," Timothy said, watching big drops of rain fall against the screen. Suddenly a great light jumped into the whole room followed by a God-clap of thunder. Timothy started to shake and beads of sweat came out on his forehead. He clenched and unclenched his fists and said, "I'm not a baby." The light showed all his toys and his picture books on the shelf and made them throw big shadows on the walls. Timothy's heart jumped when it showed the door opening slowly as his mother came into the flickering glow. She came over to him and put her arms around his shoulders. She smoothed back the hair stuck to his damp forehead, saying, "My poor baby."

Timothy jerked out of her arms and cried above the thunder, "But I'm not a baby. I'm a BIG BOY."

"Alice, let him alone." Timothy's father stood in the doorway, looking like God. His voice boomed out over the thunder, "You heard me. Come out of there and let him alone."

Timothy's mother's hand was still on his shoulder, "I only came to see that the window was closed." She closed the window and Timothy wished that she would stay with him. But she and his father closed the door behind them and he was alone in the stifling room.

Timothy decided that it would be better if he got into bed with his teddy bear and closed his eyes so he wouldn't have to see the lightning. But then he decided against the teddy bear because big boys shouldn't bring toys to bed. Instead he crawled between the covers way down under and, even though it was hot, he put all the covers over his head. The thunder rumbled far away and Timothy thought that maybe the storm was going away. He tried to sleep but it was too hot down under the blankets. He decided to come up to the top.

Just as he settled himself on his pillow, a great thunder-clap shook the whole house, just as if the world had bumped into the moon. Timothy sat up straight in his bed and called for his mother. He called and called until he was hoarse, but nobody came. Timothy stopped screaming and thought of what had just happened—he had called for his mother and she had not come. He looked hard at the door and fat tears rolled down his cheeks.

"I'm not a big boy all the time," he sobbed. "Just sometimes."

Once more he called for his mother. When no one came, he buried his face in his pillow and cried.

"Goddam William. Goddam William."

Considerynge Thy Yowthe

Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
Has petalled boughs with promises of fruit,
And brimmed warme tears o'er Winter's cheke
Breathyng, "Ephpheta," that muted Earth
 may speke;
Thanne longen maids to sweep the blue-ynge
 skyen;
And luvve lyf grandelye, through the poet's
 eyen.

This gentil maiden, by the casement,
 dremes
A yonge Squire, syngynge, sittynge on his
 steede,
Also, a Persoun, partye to her schemes
Of restynge ever on that floured meede . . .
But, quik as papejay, Squire and Preest
 recede,
Whanne Prioress, eyen greye as glas,
Revokes swete maiden to her Chaucer class.

Marian McDonnell, '61

The Dreamers...

Johnny Appleseed

That man just whistled apples—

Tone-deaf stubble tapped a wayward finger,
waking birds,
blue and white birds,
sky pieces, bill-full of sun crumbs.

And green came!

Green!

Yawning, stretching,
racing over Morning,
Springing open fistfuls
of cinnamon blushes.

Bushels of music,

valley-

spilled

and

rolling,

Spattering song chips into apple faces—

tumbling the threshold

of the winter woman

ripe for heartburst

and joyous,

tearful,

softly whistled

rain.

Uncle Remus

Come in here with me, chile —
In this here laffin' place,
 where that big, fat
 yaller sun
spreks i'self to pieces
over all the greenleaves,
 an' stapples on
 Br'er Weevil
(that lazy, good-fer-nothin')
 who
 lomps
 along
a chucklin' in his whiskers.

Hear now?
You set them tears
 outside this door . . .
 'longside mine.
Might be some ole darkie
will happen by
 an' steal 'em
 an' tote 'em home,
a hangin' from his shoulder.

Serve him right . . .
peerin' 'round so greedy
when he coulda been here
 lookin' up
 an' laffin'
 at the sky.

Marian McDonnell, '61

My Red Galoshes

Joyce Santino, '61

COULD it be twenty years since I first unlocked the brown door of this drab building? I can still feel my amusement at the children's room, lilliputian in structure, with sun-splattered floors and Mary Poppins, benevolent above a bookcase. And I remember my disappointment in the nondescript adult room, a room which should have had plants on the window sills, posters on the walls, and a comfortable chair beside the new-books display. Yet my disappointment was superficial, for I intended to leave this library as soon as I was offered a better position. And that was twenty years ago. Many better positions were offered, and I am still here. Why, I wonder?

Perhaps it is because of Theresa. It is difficult to describe Theresa, because I am not quite sure what Theresa was. How could she have been a child? Children have bright eyes, clean-dirty faces, and soap-fragrant bodies. Theresa's eyes were dull with unawareness. Her face had no chocolate stains, for no one gave her candy. It had just dirt. The soap that never washed her face never scrubbed her body either, and the other children kept their distance.

Yet how could she be an adult? Adults are strong . . . in body if not in soul. They have money in their wallets, and world-knowledge in their bearing. Theresa's scrawny puppet-body could be easily smashed. She rarely saw money and knew nothing of what it could accomplish. (Thank God, you may say, but her case was extreme.) Theresa knew nothing of the world but her ignorance could scarcely be equated with innocence.

Theresa was seven; seven going on a thousand.

I saw an evolution, however. One Saturday morning Theresa picked up a book, attracted by its brightly illustrated cover. The book was *My Red Galoshes*. Now what seven-year-old child can read the word "galoshes?" But the publisher insisted on calling it a second-grade book. Theresa stared and stared at the cover of the book, bewildered. Then she approached a large table where a group of fourth-graders were gathered, absorbed in their homework. She knew that they would be able to read the strange word for her. But with the cruel cleanliness of childhood, they pushed her away. Climbing into the largest chair in the room, Theresa sat at the edge so that her feet would touch the floor. She stared at the book cover, and she cried silently. Half an hour later she was still sitting. Engrossed now, her feet were tucked under her, and she was no longer crying.

Finally she came over to me with the book in her hands. Her face was black-streaked where she had rubbed the tears with her grimy fingers. Standing on tiptoe, she placed the book on my desk so we could both see it, then timidly, questioningly, but correctly she read, "*My red galoshes.*" That day Theresa became a child.

Then again, perhaps I stayed on because of Mrs. Williams. She is a splendid seventy-five year old who with mature insight has never outgrown childhood. As a high-schooler she dreamed of attending Mt. Holyoke, but her family could not afford it. Some dreams are misty and become vapor when they meet reality. But her dream was diamond and indestructible. Telling no one, she entered an essay contest, and won a scholarship to her cherished Mt. Holyoke.

This jewel-dream, such a part of her life, has become a part of the lives of many others too. Mrs. Williams has always had a flamboyant passion for words. Her champagne-bubble conversation intrigues the high school girls who come here

ostensibly for books, but stay to listen to her. She tells them of the time she succeeded in badgering the town's Scrooge-millionaire into contributing to the school building fund by announcing to him that, until he assuaged, she was going to visit him every day. They are triumphant with her. A humanities major, she introduces them to the magic of a Homeric world, and they are enchanted with her. Yet, once, when I tried to thank her for what she was giving these young people, she insisted that she was indebted to the library. She said that the friendship she found here kept her young.

Yes, I have stayed because of Theresa, and Mrs. Williams, and the numberless others. Over the years the image of a drab building has faded, and I can only see a white-haired woman sparkling with Victorian reminiscences, and a slight child bewildered and challenged by the book in her hand. And although the chirp and clatter of the children's room echoes gaiety, I constantly hear a whisper that trembles, "My red galoshes."

Explosion of a Myth

Susan Dewey, '62

IN HIS article in the February 27, 1960 issue of *Saturday Review* Karl Shapiro attempts to explode the "Eliot Myth" by examining Eliot's poetry as poetry and by criticizing it apart from Eliot's own criticism. He addresses his article to those who do not "instinctively and spontaneously reject this poetry," that is, to the students, for whom Modern Poetry is a gospel and to the teachers and scholars. Mr. Shapiro assures his readers that he is not writing for the poets, because few poets have regard for Eliot. This type statement, an obvious generality at best, characterizes Mr.

Shapiro's whole essay. His purpose is negative—to lead people toward rejecting Eliot. By saying that poets (whose sensitivities, it is assumed, are keen) reject Eliot, he may hope to win over his readers psychologically, since they will feel that their own sensitivity is at stake. Following his initial purpose, the author discusses first the historical situation in which Eliot writes, then the critics who have popularized Eliot's own criticism, and finally his poetry.

Mr. Shapiro fails notably in discussing Eliot's poetry because he is already decided on Eliot's deficiencies. He does not criticize; he makes sweeping statements about the failure of given poems without supporting such statements with examples; and he pinpoints "faults" without considering whether they are in decorum with the whole.

One such poem under attack is *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*. This poem, Shapiro says, is Eliot's best. Its rhythm is successful and its meter varied. Although in content and style the poem is unoriginal, it redeems itself by having obvious allusions which do not offend "on the side of Culture," and by having personal content as opposed to objectification of experience. Its epigraph, however, is decoration.

In praising *Prufrock* for its "personal content," Shapiro is not using a valuable criterion for judging art, for when a poet has an imaginative experience and creates a poem a transformation takes place. The poem becomes an independent being, an entity in itself, and communicates meaning without necessarily reflecting the personality or the intimate feelings of an author. Whether a poem has personal content or objectification of experience is not so important; its form in relation to a meaning and sound structure is vital.

Mr. Shapiro's second reference, an appeal to Culture, is vague, and becomes more so when he says that this elusive body is not offended by Eliot's allusions. If he means that these allusions are easily grasped, he is again using invalid

criteria. An allusion does not depend on availability, but upon its value in adding impact to the poet's idea.

Finally, when the author condemns the *Prufrock* epigraph as ineffective, he is overlooking its worth in preparing the reader for the experience and comprehension of the poem. This epigraph, taken from the *Divine Comedy*, gives the situation of Guido da Montefeltro when he was called upon by Dante and Virgil to reveal himself. We remember that Guido answered without qualm because he knew that no one ever returned to earth from the Inferno. These lines relate integrally to *Prufrock*. The poem is an inferno in Prufrock's mind—a conflict between the repressed self, the "you," and the timid self, the "I." The love song is sung by a man divided between passion and timidity. His conflict is within himself, and so he answers the "you." Prufrock's song will never be sung in the real world and no one will ever know.

It seems that what Mr. Shapiro is saying in his created confusion is that the poem is good in spite of an unoriginality. But Mr. Shapiro misses the significance of poetic influence. A poet's borrowing from tradition or influence from other poets is incidental if, through his imagination, he creates a poem that is original by making something new out of the old. And this, in fact, is the worth of Eliot's poetry.

If Mr. Shapiro wants his readers to reject Eliot, and he states candidly that he does, he needs firmer ground upon which to stand. Whenever Mr. Shapiro points out a good item in a particular poem, he notes only the obvious and never penetrates the work to discover deeper and keener meanings. When he wants to show weaknesses, he falls into generalities. He neither explains his stand, nor gives worthwhile references to his text. Mr. Shapiro's statements cannot hold. His article is lacking because it is uncritical in its approach, analyses, and conclusions.

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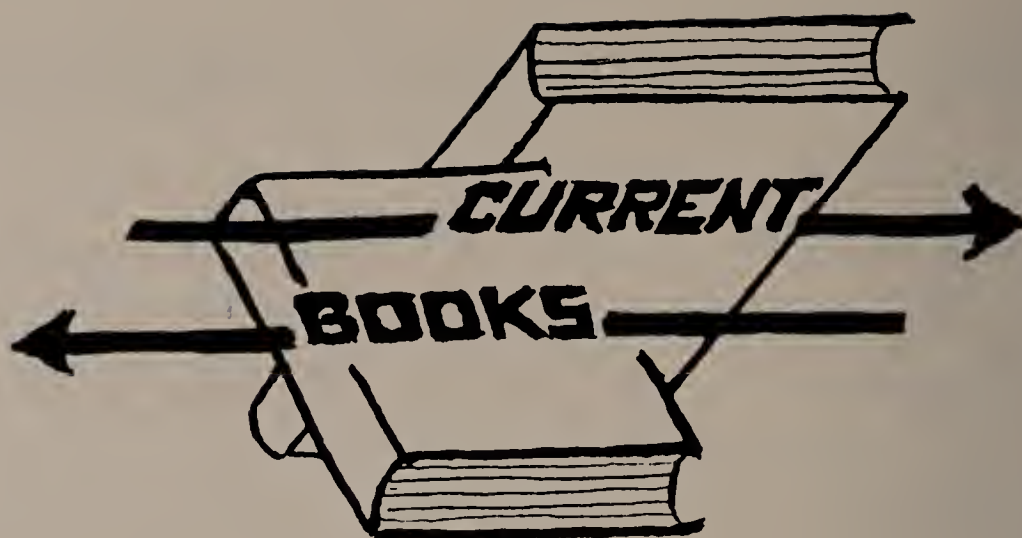
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The Responsibility of the Artist. Jacques Maritain. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1960.

Questions of Precedence. Francois Mauriac. New York: Farrar Strauss, and Cudahy, 1959.

In *The Responsibility of the Artist*, Jacques Maritain attempts to ease the tension between the autonomous worlds of art and morality. He clarifies Saint Thomas' distinction between art, the making of a work, and prudence, the doing of an action. Although art and prudence are both in the context of man, each has its proper final cause: an art, beauty; in prudence, the moral good of human life. The confusion of these ends comes about when the artist equates moral values with the aesthetic good of his work, or when society subordinates aesthetic values to the ethical good of man. This confusion leads, in the former case, to "art for art's sake," and, in the latter case, to "art for the community," or propaganda.

To reconcile the worlds of art and morality, Maritain suggests that the artist realize his three-fold responsibility to his work, to himself, and to his audience. The artist fulfills his responsibility to his work when he strives to attain the beautiful. However, because his artistic conscience is

part of his human conscience, the artist must execute his work with sincerity, purity, and curiosity; he must respect both truth and beauty. The artist fulfills his responsibility to his audience by respecting it and the common good of man. On the other hand, Maritain says, society has a responsibility to art: "to respect it and its spiritual dignity, and to be interested in its living powers of creation and discovery (89)." Society must be fair to art because art is a necessary part of its common good.

The Responsibility of the Artist offers us a clear and balanced explanation of the mutual rights and obligations of the artist and his society and is an excellent tool for the critic of any art form.

The discussion of art versus prudence is particularly relevant to the criticism of a novel. Francois Mauriac's *Questions of Precedence* raises one of the problems which Maritain handles: Is the artist acting as the handmaid of the devil when he creates evil in a novel?

To keep his spiritual integrity, the narrator of Mauriac's novel (who is never named) struggles in vain against the evils of convention. In his desire to keep "precedence" in his corrupt milieu, he sacrifices the friendship and trust of the bohemian, but spiritually sound Augustan. Even after the narrator has lost his social position, he is unable to gain spiritual regeneration because he is unable to make an act of faith. The conflict of the narrator is never resolved within the book and the novel ends in his question: Will he ever find a person who will renew his faith and cause him to lay aside completely his social pride?

The reader may wonder whether this book is morally uncertain because of its indecisive ending. According to Maritain, so long as the artist realizes his perception of reality and achieves beauty in the realm of ideas, the realm of action need not enter the judgment. Because he is human,

the narrator of Mauriac's novel knows his predicament, but cannot know his future.

Mauriac's perception of his main character's dilemma fulfills the criteria of beauty. His conflict is presented clearly, in vital language. The experience thus realized is proportionate to the style and completely whole within its sphere.

Dorothy Donato, '60

Encounters. Daniel Berrigan, S.J. New York: World Publishing Company, 1960.

Father Berrigan's first collection of poetry, *Time Without Number*, received the Lamont Poetry Award in 1957. Now in his second book of selected poems, he reveals again a clear, wonderful imagery fraught with insight and artistic perception. Although Father Berrigan does not provide easy reading, the concentration demanded makes his poetry more rewarding. Regarding this, Phyllis McGinley has said: ". . . one must bend the whole mind to the encounter with *his* mind."

In every poem Father rediscovers the traditional by using imagery which is unique, but suited to its subject. In *Saint Magdalen*, this imagery is illustrated:

Two pebbles make marriage rings on water but hairfall, fall
of tears, require of no one: *will you take me?*

I have sought the outlasting essence to give: since joined
hands join but skeletons, and I see two skulls shed irony on
each other's smiles and diggers arrange the marriage bed.

Lazarus, another of his poems, could also be an example, but it is unfair to quote out of context.

The poet's metric is somewhat reminiscent of Hopkins's in the poem *We Love*:

I see men like forests
striding, like swans riding, royally, always
royally: though lowly afoot, striding into death.

Others have found influences of Moore, Yeats, Frost, and Auden. But tradition does not make Father less original; it creates his individuality.

Much of the poet's imagery clusters around trees, flowers, and stones, but of the three, trees dominate. The symbol recurs in sixteen poems and usually is an image of mankind. This recurrence gives ascending momentum as it progresses from one poem to another, adding meaning on meaning in a crescendo of clarity.

Father Berrigan is a Professor of Dogmatic Theology at LeMoyne College in Syracuse, New York. He has lectured in this country and abroad in many university groups, and his writings have been published variously in *Saturday Review*, *Atlantic*, *Poetry*, *Thought*, *Commonweal*, and *America*.

Mary Harrington, '61

James Joyce. Richard Ellman. New York: Oxford University Press, 1959.

Richard Ellman's definitive study of James Joyce's life is a valuable contribution to modern biography. For 756 pages the author traces Joyce's life, from his youth in Dublin to his progressive exiles across France, Italy, and Switzerland, through a labyrinth of detail. Yet Mr. Ellman's skill in writing alleviates any strain a reader may have in following so turbulent a course.

On every page he sketches the whole of Joyce's personality. The reader knows Joyce's lonely youth when he was conscious of his genius and thought that nothing was so

important as its expression. Throughout his life Joyce expected all others to subserve their interests and their incomes to its greater value.

In his book Mr. Ellman stresses the autobiographical content of Joyce's writing, finding specific references to persons, incidents, and places in all his works. For example, if a friend of Joyce refused him money or lodgings while he was writing, he would be sure to recognize himself in an unpleasant character of Joyce's next work. The author also credits Joyce with a love for detail and does not think his work incomprehensible. Joyce worked erratically and wrote constantly. He forgot nothing useful, and always carried scraps of paper crammed with his spiderly scrawls.

From his intensive study, Ellman has found that Joyce's goal in writing was to create a language above all languages, a language universal yet explicit, so that neither he nor his readers would feel enveloped by traditional ways of expression. His first work, *The Dubliners*, was his attempt at establishing this language and at incorporating in it a wryly humorous and accurate account of Dublin. But censorship was strong, and it was a long while before *The Dubliners* succeeded in attaining recognition. At this time Joyce was enlarging his second book, *Stephen Hero*, which he later reworked into the famous *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. After the *Portrait* was acclaimed the work of a genius, Joyce began his *Ulysses*, which he based on Homer's *Odyssey*. In this book, Joyce was presenting the comedy of man's little life, of his "day," and was intending no hidden meaning. The author notes that what was important to Joyce always was his new language and its rhythms.

While Joyce was writing his last and most complex work, *Finnegan's Wake*, his health began to fail, and he was often partially blind and in intense pain. He underwent surgery on January 11, 1941, and died two days later.

Mr. Ellman summarizes what he considers the underlying theme of all Joycean works:

In his art Joyce went beyond the misfortune and frustration he had grown accustomed to regard as the dominant notes of his life, and expressed his only piety, a rejection, in humanity's name and comedy's method, of fear and hatred.

James Joyce is both exhaustive and penetrating. One is left completely satisfied, if not a little awed, by the subject in its presentation.

Myrna Deveau, '60

After Nine Hundred Years. Yves Congar, O.P. New York: Fordham University Press, 1959.

Yves Congar in the scholarly sequel to his *Divided Christendom* considers the political, cultural, and ecclesiological influences which have caused the progressive estrangement between the Eastern and Western Churches. Although his work is directed primarily toward the ecclesiologist and Church historian, it has interest also for the educated layman.

The West, which posits first the whole Church, then its parts, and the East, which envisages the local communities before the universal Church have always differed on some questions. The West has been prone to stress universality and legislative authority; the East, the local churches, the mystery, and the sacraments.

Congar states: "The Schism lies primarily in the acceptance of the estrangement." Modern man must look to the past for the historical experiences which will explain the present and prepare him for the future. The solution of today's problems, in particular that of the Pope's primacy, rests in a knowledge and understanding of the past. The author urges everyone's effort:

. . . We contribute towards ending the schism and actually end it, to the extent that it exists in us, by every act or attitude of ours which rejects and weakens that estrangement. Every time we recognize the existence of the East, and the East recognizes the existence of Rome and the West, to that extent the wound has been healed.

Each person's realization of Congar's message helps the Church lay the foundation that is necessary before the future Ecumenical Council, proposed by Pope John XXIII, takes place. "After nine hundred years" such action is more than timely.

Helen McMabon, '60

We are happy to announce that Ellen Kelly, Associate Editor of ETHOS, has been awarded Second Prize in the National Short Story Contest sponsored by *Kappa Gamma Pi*. Her winning entry, *House on Vesper Street*, was printed in the Spring issue of ETHOS.

Marian McDonnell, Editor 1960-1961, has been awarded an Honorable Mention in the same contest. Her story, *A Dream of Substance*, appears on page 138 of this issue.

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